

BARHAM DOWNS:

OR

MEMOIRS

OF THE

WHITAKER FAMILY.

With Anecdotes of LORD WINTERBOTTOM.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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miny." REV.

BARHAM DOWNS.

Miss WHITAKER to her Sister.

London, December 1781.

WITHOUT waiting an answer to my last, dear Peggy, I continue the important history of my town life, and to surprize you with a stroke of more than common daring, know, I have seen a masquerade. My preconceived ideas of this celebrated amusement were indeed a strange compound. I thought of it as of a large theatre where all the spectators were players; and that as every one chose his own part, it would be skilfully performed. This was a great mistake. Habits were the things to be chosen, not parts; and Vanity was the universal dictatress. I had been taught by novels, to consider it as a most dangerous rock in the sea of chastity, terrible by the number of female wrecks; and so strong was this idea, that I was not easily prevailed upon to go at all; and no persuasion could induce me to render myself conspicuous by dress.

Nothing sure was ever better calculated to dispose the mind to gaiety and pleasure, than the first view of the Pantheon. But this pleasure is not of a durable nature; and still less so is the *tout ensemble* of a masquerade. Yet I own that amidst a profusion of insipidity, there is enough

of frolic and whim, to make the first hour or two agreeable enough ; but the wit, the repartee, and maintenance of character I was prepared to expect, were sparingly given. The only thing of this kind that met my ideas, was the following.

Folly, grotesquely habited, and with her usual insignia of cap and bells, accosts a lady dressed to represent Fashion. My best beloved; says Folly, well thou fulillest thy mother's wishes. In my taste are thy ornaments. But remember Child, when I want variety, men agree to call me by the name of stupidity. Take the influenza of this cap, my daughter, and let us see the production. All here are my votaries. My temple is crouded with true worshippers. I will reward their adoration. It is a night of festivity. We will indulge them with six full moons of anticipation.

Fashion curtstied, and retired. Her head-dress had been the five hours performance of the celebrated Monsieur Cheveusot ; who to flowers after the Arcadian manner had added a variety of fruits. Fashion returned in two minutes, with her head increased in magnitude, and changed in matter. At her her approach Folly clapped her hands, clattered her bells, and cried out, *c'est moi—moi meme*. Carrots, parsnips, and even the humble turnip, adorned the head of Fashion now ; and the assembly crouded round her with many attestations of applause. After due admiration, and a hint from Folly, she disappeared again ; nor can you imagine with what rapture she was received by the female part of the assembly when they saw three feathers of I know not what outlandish birds streaming gracefully in a curve from the forehead backwards, and

and intermingled with the feathers of the peacock and mackaw. The next change, surprised rather than pleased; it was a total reduction of the head to common dimensions; upon which Folly turned her back and cried a BORE.

After a few other whimsical and ridiculous changes, Fashion appeared no more. A Harlequin approaches Folly, and accosts her thus. How happy am I dear Queen and Mother once more to behold thee! To see thee in thy native beauty, surrounded by true adorers, who worship thee in their hearts, and deny thee not with their mouths. How comes it to pass I see thee no more roaming the world at large? Is thy empire over the minds of men diminished?

The minds of men, my child, replies Folly, are variable as thy garment; that which they see to-day, they like not to see to-morrow. Too long I had staged me to their eyes in these my true habiliments. I lost dominion. I asked counsel of thy father Proteus. Do as I do, replies the god, change thy shape. I took the advice and have regained my dominion, and established it more firmly than ever. My son, DECEIVE—and GOVERN. It is the maxim of the day. Courts adopt it, and men believe.

Courts, dear Mother, returns Harlequin! In my long and painful peregrination in search of thee, having been frustrated in all places of likelihood, I determined to seek thee in impossible places. At court, I was assured they knew thee not, nor had commerce with thee or thine for twenty good years at least.

My son, replies Folly, DECEIVE—and GOVERN. It is the maxim of the day.

I was impressed, Madam, with a certain awe, a holy reverence that would not permit me to doubt.

It is right, my child, that awe, that holy reverence, is an institution of my own. Go on, pursue thy travels.

I passed by the door of a secretary's office. My mother cannot be here, says I; and I stepped in. The gentleman of the office assured me, you had not paid them a single visit, since my good Lord N—— presided; but you may be sure of finding your mother to-morrow at York. To York I went, and though I saw thee not, I thought I *smelt* thee. A reverend gentleman informed me I might certainly find thee at another secretary's office, expediting dispatches across the Atlantic. The clerks here protested it was calumny malignant; and shewed me a decent lady who seemed fond of giving her assistance, and whom they called prudence. I looked her in the face, it had a leer of thee in it. I looked again, and recognized thy own dear, broad, unmeaning countenance. I claimed it for my mother's. The lady did not acknowledge the claim. The gentlemen hissed and hooted, called me toad, monster, faction; a betrayer of my country; a hungerer after loaves and fishes; and finally, pelted me with pamphlets till I could scarce walk. As I came out of the office, I met a fine gentleman, who pitied me a little, and told me, my mother was that moment at Guildhall. I was lame and did not arrive there till the business of the day was over, just when a worthy alderman was stepping into his chariot, to attend a large assembly at the other end of the town. He made me come into his chariot, owned he knew my mother very well, and swore he
would

would shew her me in a couple of hours without disguise. By his direction I passed into a gallery, whilst he took his seat in the assembly, and the hour being vacant of business, he got upon his legs, to speak—— and to move.

Sir, says he, addressing himself to the president, I have just introduced into the gallery a gentleman to whom, if pleasure be a good, the nation, and especially the metropolis, are much obliged. The youth will die, unless he finds his mother, and there is no earthly good, not even liberty, heaven-born liberty, whose loss the people will half so much regret. The name of this mother is Folly, I trust well known to the honourable gentlemen of yonder bench; and as it is a matter of great national concern, I move that the house do order her to be brought forth in open day, and restored to her desolate son, in her native garb, and undissembled features.

From another part of the assembly arose a gentleman and spoke thus. I protest, Mr. Speaker, though I always made a large allowance for the abilities of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, I never did sufficient justice to his merit. A man must arrive at the summit of human ingenuity, and human effrontery also, before he could advance a paradox so strange, as that of supposing the seat of wisdom to be the seat of folly. Nevertheless as I have also some opinion of the honourable gentleman's veracity, and do not suppose he would affirm the thing that was not, and wish as much as any man to have the Lady in question excluded this house; I beg leave to second the motion.

A third

A third arose. Sir, says he, the bold and characteristic confidence of the honourable gentleman who spoke first, and the ambiguity of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, though apparently of different textures, are undoubtedly of the same woof and warp. The manifest tendency of the motion, is to put the motley gentleman, and the nation also upon a wrong scent; to turn it aside from the County associations, from the framers of petitions and remonstrances, from London mobs, and Middlesex elections. None know better than the honourable gentleman where folly is not. None better know she is not there, where with their accustomed candour, they have assigned her place. Perhaps none better know, where she is. I beg leave therefore to amend the original motion, by adding to it, "provided she can be found there."

From the opposite side of the assembly arose a jolly member, and spoke thus. For some time past, Mr. Speaker, Folly has been accustomed to appear in habits not her own; and it is her principal delight, whenever she is able, to pilfer the wardrobe of Wisdom. Since this has been, and must always be, attended with much public inconvenience, the man would deserve well of the community who could form an infallible rule to pierce through all her disguises. But it is not the Rule that is wanting, it is the integrity of judgment, for Folly may be certainly known by her effects. When authority is supported by corruption, and corruption by sophistry; when a war of desolation, where even success is ruin, is begun on principles of revenge, avarice, ambition, or any principles but those of Justice; when fleets are sent out to look——and fly; armies wasted across
the

the Atlantic to see a better world——and perish in it ; when infallible beggary is intailed upon a nation, that a favoured few may be enriched, and ministers still plunder——and be safe : Folly is there. By what name soever called, or with whatsoever trappings decked ; Folly is there. I support the motion.

From the bench now arose a gentleman all glorious in the trappings of office, and delivered himself to the following sense.

I agree with the honourable gentleman who spoke last, in his sentiment that Folly may be known by her effects, and that such effects as the honourable gentleman has stated are her's, and her's alone. All I shall contend for, is, that they have no existence. The honourable gentleman has great abilities, a fine glow of colouring, and a genius rich in invention. His compositions have every thing to fit them for immortality, except truth. Yet in my humble opinion this lady is of some consideration ; enough at least to make it worth a gentleman's while to respect her drapery, whatsoever regard may be paid to her person. I respect her *in toto*, when I say the present war originated, not in avarice, vengeance or ambition, but in Justice. I respect her when I affirm that fleets were not sent out to look—and fly ; nor armies wasted to perish in a better world. They were sent out to fight and conquer. If they do not fulfil the purposes of their destination, how are ministers responsible ? If mild and gentle influence has crept into this assembly, by what can mankind be better governed than by mild and gentle influence ? If it has gone forth into the nation, the nation will be so much the happier. It is of gothic barbarity to give it the harsh name of corruption. But our arms are
not

not always crowned with success ! Then ministers must be blockheads. A conclusion dictated by Candour. And how should they be crowned with success, when opposition have eternally predicted that success is impossible, and have kindly done all they can to verify the prediction ? No Sir, once more I affirm that Folly is not here. You will find her dealing out her high-flown principles of liberty from the press ; or in taverns or coffee-houses. You will find her distributing plans of œconomy, and teaching a nation the arts of a Miser. In short, you will find her any where—but here. With this speech the assembly seemed perfectly satisfied, negatived the amendment without a division, and carried it against the original motion by a majority of 201.

The little pleasure this scene gave me, dear Peggy, was soon to be largely paid for, but as I am weary with writing, I can give it to you but briefly. I lost Mr. and Mrs. Delane in the croud. After having sought them a long time, I ventured into one of the side apartments. It was empty. Two masks who had followed me up and down saying very free things, stepped in after me, and repeated their insults, insisting that I should unmask. I did it without hesitation. One swore I wanted embonpoint ; the other that I looked consumptive. The lewdness of their language increasing, I was almost terrified to death, when a gentleman came in and took my part. A quarrel began. My champion pulled off his mask, and shewed me—Lord Winterbottom. My insulters seemed struck with awe, begged his lordship's pardon and mine, and staggered away. My Lord made very violent love to me for two hours—Swore life was a burden to him since I treated him with cruelty ; talked much of malice

lice and misrepresentation ; and begged to be indulged now and then with the sight of me, if I would not permit him to speak upon the subject next his heart. He also expressed his sorrow at seeing me look so poorly ; and intreated liberty to send me his own physician, a gentleman famous for his treatment of young people in a decline. Lord bless me, Peggy, what means all this ! I can discover no such symptoms in my glass ; nor have I any alarming feelings within ; yet every body can't be mistaken.

In about two hours we met with Mr. and Mrs. Delane, who had sought me, they said, with the utmost anxiety, and immediately left the Ranthron.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, I have received my dear sister's most agreeable letter, but clogged with the alarming circumstance of my Lord's fresh application to my Father. Alas ! Peggy, I have fresh persecutions to undergo. I believe it will be best to go to Montpelier. Mrs. Delane's instances are very pressing. She seems a tender friend. Since I cannot have your company, I should make choice of this obliging lady as soon as any one ; and what better can I do, than withdraw to a distance from the persecution that threatens me. But do not, my dear Peggy, let me go without a father's permission. Adieu.

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

Miss PEGGY WHITAKER to her Sister.

Barham Downs.

" I Think, Peggy," says my Papa this morning after the departure of Captain Wycherley, who had been with him an hour in close conference,

conference, "I think, after all, your sister may as well go to Montpelier with those Delanes there, if she will." Now this provoked me. The torrents of eloquence I had wasted upon the subject, sufficient, as I thought, to have made ministers part with folly, had all been wasted in vain. The reverend Mr. Delane's epistle which accompanied your last, had no more effect than a sermon. I was in despair about it, and had actually determined to forge Papa's consent, come of it what would, if I could at the same time have forged an fool bank note.

"After all, your sister might as well go, for I should not like to be blamed if any thing should happen."

Now as my Papa never takes a resolution of such magnitude without advice, and as it was out of the way of all reasonable supposings, to suppose the Captain, his sole counsellor at present, would give him any of that stamp, I was quite at a loss. A man's curiosity, Annabella, was given him for his instruction; a woman's, thank mother Eve, for her torment. It cost me as much profound thinking to get mine gratified, as might have made a System. Having observed that my Papa never explains himself so clearly as when he is in a passion, I fell to contriving how to put him into one with all possible decency. It is a sort of maxim with him, that Fathers have a right to bind their children, especially daughters, "in all Cases whatever." I got him to repeat this maxim, and then ventured upon a little non-assertation.

"Nothing can be a greater argument of the degeneracy of the present age," says Papa, "than the little reverence children now bear their fathers."

thers. To dare to expostulate, when I was young, would have been punished."

"With what Papa?"

"Hussey! my father would have knocked me down for half what you say to me every day."

"A droll way of inspiring reverence, Papa."

"Obedience, at least Miss; Reason, Duty, every thing ought to inspire reverence."

"Well, I always thought white hairs and wise sayings, had been the principal manufacturers of this commodity."

"Of this commodity! Good God! *O tempora! O mores!*" I had no way to get rid of this *faux pas*, but to listen attentively to the long list of obligations which Children have to their parents. As first for their begetting—A comical obligation, Annabella! Then for viſuals and drink; all which I obſerved a prudent father might ſave, if we had but adopted the Chineſe cuſtom of permitting parents to expoſe their children, or ſtill better, of knocking them on the head at once. Then there was their Chris-Croſs row—And the trouble of whipping. And when they grew up, anxiety for their taking good ways—Laſt, not leaſt, there were the portions. And did I think Love, Honour, and Obedience was too much to return for all theſe things?"

"No indeed, Sir, too little for a good parent, and for a bad one, children muſt repay their obligations in what coin they could get."

"What does your wife Ladyſhip mean by that?"

"Why now Papa, can children *Love* a *bad* Father? I have been told that Love is the only thing that can beget love, all over the globe."

"And ſo, Madam, you mean to inſinuate that I have been a bad Father?"

"Why, don't I love you, Papa? And honour and obey you? Yes indeed, and reverence you too, when you don't talk of knocking me down. I should be the most ungrateful girl in the world, to do otherwise. It is not me, Papa, you want to marry against my will."

"Very well! very well! and you really think it right Miss, and reasonable to talk in this manner to your father?"

"Yes sure, Papa; when do I do any thing wrong and unreasonable?"

"When the d——I do you do otherwise? I think, Peggy, you grow more provoking and impertinent than ever. I must turn over a new leaf. I can't bear it no longer."

"Why now, Papa, for all you abuse me in this manner, I dare say you have a good opinion of me, or else you would not have taken my advice in sending Anna to Montpelier."

"Your advice, Miss! your advice! why the world's turned upside down sure!"

"Yes, it does so every day, they say. But I am thinking what poor Lord Winterbottom will do, Papa? And how will he take it of you, to give him leave to court your daughter in England, and then send her to France? Aren't you afraid of a challenge, Papa?"

"No, Miss impudence. My Lord himself advises that she shall go abroad, and recommends Lisbon. But Captain Wycherley says for his part he does not see why Montpelier mayn't do every bit as well, especially as she has got friends going there."

"And does my Lord intend to follow her Papa?"

"He follow her! A cabinet counsellor waste his time upon a girl! no indeed! It is because he

he thinks her constitution very delicate ; and as he says, to convince me, and all the world that it is my daughter's person, not her fortune, to which he is attached ; and that he had rather defer his happiness than have it incomplete, as it will be unless she enjoys the full blessing of health."

So, Annabella ! the motive of my father's acquiescence is explained ; but what can be my Lord's ? If your health be so very apparently upon the decline, surely is is a mistaken tenderness to conceal it from me. Dear Anna, ease my apprehensions in this particular. How unhappy am I that I cannot accompany you. The duty that my Papa thinks so weak ! what a heart-felt sacrifice do I make to it ! Whatsoever flippancy may be in my pen, I have none in my bosom. That bleeds for my sister——and myself. But you must go, Annabella : If your health does not demand it, policy does. My father sends an 100l. bank note and his blessing. If you want more, you are to draw upon his banker.

Dear Sister, farewell.

M. WHITAKER.

Miss WHITAKER to her Sister.

London.

WHAT can I say to ease my sister's apprehensions ? I have no feelings within, which alarm me, nor has my glass ever discovered to my eyes, that ghastly hectic look, with which Mrs. Delane so often compliments me, and which my Lord in a visit made the day after the masquerade at Mrs. Shirley's, lamented with such a wonderful pathos that he almost persuaded

suaded me, it was possible he might feel a spark of that passion which he talks of as a burning flame that scorches him to——I forget what I cannot absolutely affirm that real love never goes into the language of bombast, but certainly real good sense never does. Almost upon his knees, he begged leave to hope; and Oh, says he, guard well that valuable heart from the insinuating Frenchman; let not my country be deprived of the inestimable blessing, whether it be my lot to possess it or no. How sublime this is, dear Peggy? In the mean time I cannot tell what may be his Lordship's views in wishing me to go abroad; except to impose upon me by an air of friendship, generosity, disinterestedness, which is the leading feature of this last courtship. As to Mrs. Delane, she is a woman; not very wise, but very good natured——at least in her way. She has taken a fancy for my company in this tour, and has exalted a certain degree of languor with which I am now and then oppressed, into a consumption, in order to obtain her wish. All obstacles are now removed and we leave town to-morrow. The journey itself is to me a matter of indifference——or rather the pleasure of it is balanced by the pain of leaving my sister. How indeed should this pain be compensated? Mrs. Delane is obliging indeed, but she is insipid. Her reverend spouse is obliging also, in his way, but it seems to cost him some efforts.—Commend me to my father. Say I love, honour, and revere him. And though I have not these duties more truly at heart than my beloved sister, I think of them something more seriously. Let me recommend it to you, my Peggy, to treat him with the appearance as well as the reality of filial duty. That sportive
humour,

humour, delightful when exerted on proper objects, cannot be agreeable when it hurts a father. It is the only thing in which I can have occasion to exert the eldest sister, in admonition. In every other quality that deserves the world's esteem I acknowledge you my superior.

My dearest Peggy adieu.

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Sels.

TO a common acquaintance, dear Wyman, with whom I wished to keep on terms of civility, I would not have hazarded the impoliteness of neglecting so long to answer your last favour: In this polished age, such liberties can only be taken by friends.

You, Wyman, who know, and blame me for my sensibility, will easily conceive the lively emotion I must feel at my first meeting with a brother whose late generosity had more than cancelled all former unkindness, and whose change of mind alone, ought to have been sufficient to have caused an eternal oblivion of the past. I met him at Geneva, but too much disordered by his journey and complaints, to taste any of the *agremens* of this agreeable city. The principal indeed arise from the social manners of the inhabitants, and Sir George's present habits tend but little to this kind of pleasure. I conducted him therefore to Sels.

The second night, when he found his own household comforts about him, over a glass of excellent wine, of which *he* drinks too much, because he likes it, and I, because I like festivity;

we had a conversation so characteristic of my brother, that I cannot resist giving thee a small specimen of it.

"Harry," says he, "I am come into Switzerland to learn the humanities. I have read in books, of Friendship, Benevolence, and other social affections, and thought it a pretty way of talking the world had got into, in order to keep the Love of Self, the sole efficient cause of motion in man, as much as possible behind the curtain. Now, Wyman, thy Councillor and mine swears there do exist motives of human action which cannot be resolved into this love of self; and though I believe the man a better lawyer than metaphysician, yet as he affirms with monstrous assurance that the principal pleasures of life arise from these said affections, and as I must confess that I have wore my own set of pleasures down to a thread, I thought I ran no risk of what the world calls happiness, to give the matter a fair trial.

"The greater number of human opinions, Harry, seem to me to be swadling clouts for children; and if I must be trammelled with these, before I can arrive at the art of feeling, I give up the point in despair. If I can obtain it by changing some of my habits of life, habits of thirty furlly years of solitude, as I am heartily tired of most of them, I will put my magnanimity to the test. But how shall I get rid of the bad habits of thinking, which the bad habits of living have superinduced? Having compared myself very little with others, I cannot pronounce with certainty, but I violently suspect myself to be afflicted with most of the maladies of the human mind, with pride, with vanity, with arrogance. Thou art said to possess humility, modest

deity, and the very spirit of the Prince of peace. Now it is one thing to quell the turbulent emotions, and another, only to hang out the shews of victory. Which of these arts is thine I know not. But I know that if thou dar'st undertake my tuition, it is a task will try thy temper to the utmost, and infallibly discover the counterfeit from the gem."

"This valuable openness of heart," replied I, "will be far more acceptable to me than if you had brought me the polish of a court. The little I have got of the exterior of the present age, I have got honestly. I did not give my integrity in exchange, nor have I been the murderer of my honour, or my peace. I own, Sir George, I differ from you in opinion as to the motives of human actions. I cannot resolve them universally into love of self. Man, I own is the creature of habit. I have been always alive to that class of sensations, distinguished by the name of sensibilities. The moment I knew of your change of mind with respect to myself, that moment I loved you. Undoubtedly the sensation was not less lively for the gratitude which accompanied it. It would betray an undoubted ignorance of human nature to suppose your sensations in this particular, as vivid as my own. You have been addicted to a life of thinking, I, of feeling. I aim at your esteem."

"That, Harry," replies my brother, "would be your's in spite of me; and I have already the satisfaction to find, the more I am pleased with you, the more I am pleased with myself."

This is the way, dear Wyman, in which Sir George and I began; I am happy to say, that a fortnight's cohabitation has not made us less satisfied

satisfied with each other. The little mortifications he sometimes gives me, by a temper he laments, are amply repaid by the solid powers of his mind. I never make an excursion with him, but I return instructed; and he is fond of excursions. I had provided an open chaise drawn by two horses; we ramble every where, sometimes taking the elevation of mountains, examining their Strata, making a world by their means, which is at present the *rage* with natural philosophers, and concerning which Sir George enlightens me in an hour more than the books I have read, in a week. But what gives me a much superior pleasure, is, that my brother is now able to walk half a mile up a hill; the swelling of his legs subsides; he breathes with much greater freedom, and gives me hopes that his disorder will yield to exercise. He is moderate in diet, and though he cannot conquer his *penchant* to wine, he contents himself with a certain degree of elevation, and stops short of Ebriety.

* * * * *

Every hour in expectation of the arrival of Sir Ambrose, I kept this letter from the post, till I could have the pleasure of announcing it to you. He came yesterday and brought us a large addition of happiness. For my separate use he communicated a little detail of incidents, tragic and comic, that fell out upon Barham Downs. This has by no means contributed to my tranquility. Whilst I presumed to hope for nothing from Annabella, I had as a counterbalance, the not fearing any thing neither. Sir Ambrose has given me hope, but he has given me anxiety also. It is true I thought often of this sweet girl, and
sighed

sighed sometimes, but it was a tranquil sensation. I have ventured to write to her. She is too gentle to refuse me an answer, but what will that answer be? Till I know this, I shall be rather a jolly fellow, than a happy one.——If London furnishes any wit, wisdom, scandal, or politics——Impart a little, dear Wyman, to thy exiles.

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

We have read your novel with pleasure and are impatient for its continuation.

Miss WHITAKER to her Sister.

Paris.

I Am now, my dearest sister, in the largest and finest city in the world; I have been assured of it so often, that I cannot entertain a doubt without a forfeiture of my politeness. At the same time you will please to observe that I know nothing of its inhabitants higher than the rank of milliners, and the good women who let lodgings; for as Mr. Delane observes, since his commission is a private one, it would be the highest imprudence to appear with eclat. We are allowed however to stare at the outsides of the houses till we are weary; and have even ventured into the Thuilleries, and once to the comedy. But I have a notion that the streets of Paris have much resemblance to the streets of London, Constantinople, and Pekin, and except some little difference in dress, the people also. All the differences I have yet observed betwixt my own country and this, is, that France has finer roads,
fewer

fewer villages, little inclosure, plenty of wooden shoes, and still greater plenty of naked feet ; but that whether cloathed or uncloathed, full or fasting, they are singing, or dancing, or rattling for ever and ever.

With observations equally profound, I shall, I suppose, be able to amuse you through the whole of my journey ; for the pedling spirit of our conductor is much better adapted for the saving a few *sous* at an inn; than for introducing himself into good company.

I am not happy, my dear Peggy, and am in danger of becoming peevish. I no longer see the behaviour of Mrs. Delane in the agreeable light I did. There is something wrong in her, I know not what. The pleasures of travelling should be great, much greater than I find them to compensate for disagreeable company. But though long, the journey will end, and once more I hope to be happy in the embraces of my sister.

—Adieu,

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

I don't forget my duty to my father, though I forget the expression of it.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. OSMOND.

London.

WIT, Wisdom, Scandal, or Politics ! And is it then become a question whether these fruits grow in their own garden ? Are London News-papers no longer read in the country of the Grisons ? In these celebrated productions you may see the species of wit most relished amongst us. There you may see, not the silly
tattle

tattle of old maids and young women at the tea-table ; but the strong, unbending dart of malignity, that wounds indifferently the bosom of innocence and guilt. For proof I refer you to the ———Stop ; I must first run over a few hundred folio volumes, to see whether the bare mention of the title be not actionable.

As to politics, ours are unchangeable ; and if we are allowed to judge of the end proposed, by the means, well calculated to produce the end proposed. There are indeed a number of factious people, who are for ever repeating that our ministers are men of a short reach ; that no men better see the ends of their own noses, but the vast number of Spectacles which half a dozen of the finest optical years have produced, have not enabled them to see one inch beyond. Now this is Calumny. Envy itself must own that they are men of brilliant understandings, and learned in Greece and Rome. They have opened the historic page, and find in every leaf, that Wealth is the father of Luxury ; Luxury the mother of corruption, and corruption, of political death. Wealth therefore is the grand object of their attack. If they can once get rid of this, real and nominal, they lay the axe to the root. Men will return to their primitive virtues, by the kindly aid of poverty ; and what is of still more consequence at court, poverty is the natural parent of humility, and unmurmuring obedience. This being the case, can men go more directly to the point ? When the Barons build again their castles, and restore mankind once more to the happy state of villenage, then will the learned monk tread the licentious page of freedom in the dirt, and give to truth and day, the deep-penetrating politics of these times.

Having

Having thus enlightened you in political science, and directed you to the source of wit and scandal, nothing remains to the completion of your desire, but that I should tell you of our wisdom. Did you mean the wisdom of our actions, or the wisdom of our words?

Every house is so full of the former species, that no man regardeth it; a lawyer as little as any man, for who getteth less by it? As to the wisdom of words, it goeth on *comme il faut*. The bulk of authors now are become political; and seem to have adopted the precept of Doctor Swift, "Suit your words to your music well." The sweetest of music to an author, is undoubtedly the jingle of guineas; the exchequer furnishes the greatest number of concertos, and requires nothing more, but to "suit your words to your music well." Should any ill advised, and blasphemous wretch, transfuse into his page the sense of Locke, and the soul of Sydney, be assured his reward *will be* a halter, as soon as things can be got into a right train. On the contrary, let any man teach that Nature gave nothing to human kind but air; and that for fire, earth, and water, it is indebted to a celestial being called a King; if a Laic, he commands a pension; if of the church, a mitre. And this is Wisdom. Let us now descend to Folly.

Scandals there are, dear Osmond, which creep into the world, and escape even the vigilance of that fine repository of the brilliant and the keen, the Morning Post. Lord Winterbottom for instance. I formerly gave you a small biography of this Noble Man, and you know from his own eloquent pen that he was a privy counsellor, and in a post of dignity. This post was in the household. Every thing is dignified that belongs to Royalty.

But

But this post is his no more. The proximate cause of this funest event, was a too abundant worship of his Gods, the dice. Although the orgies are performed in the silent night, and over the door of the temple, is or ought to be, *Procul, procul este, Profani*, some foe to religion creeps in, and publishes the sacred mysteries. So fell it out with my Lord. A confused hubbub arose amongst the children of Israel; the tribe of Judah hung its nether lip; its countenance fell. Upon this occasion they had recourse neither to Moses, nor the prophets; but to those pretty expedients of Christian law, executions and foreclosures. There was a disgrace in the circumstances, which could not be borne; and therefore he lost his post. In this hour of distress, he lost his Mantorina too; she is said to have returned to Italy; and as my Lord is secretly raising all he can upon the remainder of his estates, it is thought he designs to honour the continent also.

I wish, dear Harry, I was able to say something to your heart; but I know not your Annabella, nor any of her goings out, or comings in. This is one of my grievances. Another is, that you three jolly fellows are spending your roseate hours in the bowers of pleasure, and I am—solving riddles. Adieu, WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Sels.

I Concluded my last, dear Wyman, with informing you of the arrival of Sir Ambrose, since when, our excursions have been still more numerous and rapid. It is pleasant to philosophize upon the different tastes of men. Sir George, accustomed to think upon the inanimate works of
 VOL. II. C nature,

nature, would be always upon the wing to collect every curious thing, and above all, every *lusus naturæ*. Sir Ambrose, not so much accustomed to think as to observe, wishes men and women for the objects of his speculation. And I, when I sigh not for Annabella, sigh now and then for the solitary hour of communing with my old beloved friends of the days of Augustus.

To indulge Sir Ambrose we have seen more company than has been either agreeable to Sir George or myself; and he in return has flown with us all over the cantons, of which I am now going to give thee the history at large, beginning for brevity's sake with the Allabroges, in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Allabroges, Blockhead! says a critic school-boy warm from the commentaries. The Helvetii you mean. True. And this is the way I am to be treated at every slip and slide through a frozen country, where half the earth is ice. I relinquish the design; and in its stead will entertain you with an adventure.

There is at Lausanne a very agreeable family, the head of which, being an admirer of natural curiosities, has formed a little museum which it is the fashion for strangers to visit. Sir George and he, please each other. The son a scholar, of classic sensibility, honours me with peculiar notice. The ladies of the family, agreeable and friendly creatures, who cultivate the belles lettres, delight Sir Ambrose. It is the only house with which we have formed an acquaintance beyond the rules of civil politeness. They engaged us one day to dinner; and the hour preceding we spent all together in the museum. At one of the windows which front the street, the son and I were commenting upon Persius, when throwing my eyes down, I saw with infinite surprize my brother's former

former footman Jessamy, knocking at the door ; and close behind a gentleman in the French uniform, with a lady hanging on his arm, and her face hid by a green calash.

*Ut nemo in sese tentat discendere ! Nemo.
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.*

Reads my friend, and pointing to the lines with his finger. *Ut Nemo* conveyed to my mind no sort of idea whatever. Mr. Jessamy conveyed a croud ; but so jumbled and jammed together, that for every purpose of ratiocination I might as well have been without any idea at all. In spite of Persius, I was indulging in this chaos when a servant opened the door, announcing Captain O'Donnel and his lady, who entered immediately. The lady had left her calash below, and discovered a very beautiful face, and a head *a la mode de Londres*. The first object that struck her eyes, was myself, now leaning against the wainscot, and gasping for breath. Her next encounter was a look from Sir George, which seemed to possess a portion of the Gorgon's power. Petrified however as she appeared, she recovered from her astonishment sooner than Sir George or I ; and assuming a certain degree of fine-lady-like effrontery, began to pay, something awkwardly indeed, her compliments to the mistress of the house. The Captain, though confounded at our astonishments, thought he must do the same, and a ridiculous scene ensued. My brother, in a kind of wondering reverie, followed the lady's motions with his eye.

" You seem to admire Mrs. O'Donnel Sir George," says Mr. Labadie, " are you of her acquaintance ?"

My brother heard the question distinctly, and was not above two minutes in gathering his wits together for the answer.

"My acquaintance with the lady is but slight, Mr. Labadie; I know but very little of her. It is true I did myself the honour to treat her with a wedding-ring, and she was called Lady Osmond for a few months; but after all, marriage is a very insipid affair amongst the *beau monde*, except as it furnishes matter for *eclat* at Doctor's Commons."

"Lady Osmond!" cries the mistress of the house. "Lady Osmond!" said the daughters. All three left the room without another word, for the Swiss ladies have made but moderate advances in the high ton. Lady Osmond could not avoid shewing some signs of confusion at so marked a contempt, but well bred ladies never suffer shame to hold dominion over them.

"It is true," says she, "I did prefer a man I liked, to one I did not; a man of spirit to a block. I advise every woman to do the same. Where's the wonder of all this?"

"None at all indeed," replies I, "fallen angels whether male or female, are fond of increasing the confraternity."

"Fallen Angels!" returned she with a contemptuous sneer, "what, because I was false to my first love, your whining worship! Captain O'Donnel, I am at your service—Gentlemen, good morrow."

It is impossible to have made a finer retreat. The true quality manner was conspicuous through the whole of it.

"Well," says Sir George pleasantly, "I must be content. It is the lot of a vast majority

rity of my betters, and might have been that of Alexander the Great, had Alexander the Great been married. And who pray is Captain O'Donnel? Not that I am ambitious neither of knowing the gentlemen who honour me with their favours."

"He is unknown to us," replies Mr. Labadie; "yesterday came the compliments of Captain and Mrs. O'Donnel, requesting leave to see my museum to-day. This is all our acquaintance."

We were summoned to dinner. Our part of the common hilarity, Sir Ambrose was obliged to support. Sir George was pensive, and I was ——— a fool. At length we finished our visit and returned to Sels, moralizing on woman.

We had scarce ended our breakfast the next morning when a servant announces Captain O'Donnel, who requested to speak with Sir George Osmond. We stared at each other. Shew him in, says Sir George. Never did man enter upon business with less ceremony. "By my soul, Sir George," says he, "I am come to give you satisfaction for having made you a cuckold, without knowing any thing of the matter; but that's nothing at all to you. You have a right to my life you know, and I have brought it, and a pair of pistols into the bargain. And if you chuse the small sword, my dear, it is all one to Patrick O'Donnel."

"Why this is bravely and gallantly done Captain," replies my brother, "but a little out of form I think. I am not very much of a connoisseur in these points of honour indeed, but I always supposed it was the person injured who gave the challenge."

"That it true, my dear; and by Jafus I expected it yesterday, and it never came at all. So I thought if I took a ride over to you this morning, it would save a great deal of time and trouble."

"And where's your second?" says Sir George."

"By St. Patrick you are three of you now, and I will take any one of you all for my second."

"Why then, Captain," says Sir George, "you are a brave fellow, and I will be your second myself."

"With all my soul, Sir George; and which of you two must I be after fighting with then?"

"Not with me, upon honour," says Sir Ambrose; "I see no reason why you should lodge a brace of balls in my guts, because you have lain with Sir George's wife."

"Nor with me," says I, "because I can't think killing me, will satisfy Sir George in the least."

"By Jafus, every bit as well as if I killed himself. It is according to the laws of honour. But settle it among yourselves; 'tis the same thing to me. I am ready to kill any one of you at all."

"Why that is really obliging and friendly now. You are very much of a gentleman, Captain O'Donnel, and no doubt a scholar; will you be so good to inform me what satisfaction you think I can receive by your killing my brother, my friend, or myself?"

"The devil burn me, my dear, but you want to puzzle me now; and I was a scholar at Ballyshannon, and that is not so easy. And I went into the King of France's service before I was
thirty

thirty years old, and both at home and abroad I am obliged to kill any man, do you see, that lies with my wife, or any of my children ; and if he kills me, it is the very same thing. Honour is satisfied, and that's every thing ; for without honour, life is no life at all."

" Pray Captain," says Sir George, " by what legislature might this wise law be enacted ?"

" Devil burn me if I know, honey ; and what signifies it neither ? Can't we eat our meat without knowing what butcher it was killed by ?"

" We should at least know if the meat is good. Now this is a dish of moral cookery not much to my taste. You lie with my wife, and to make amends, run me through the body. Where may be the equity of all this ?"

" And can't you run me through the body at the same time ?"

" If I should," replies Sir George, " I promise you it will give me no sort of satisfaction whatever."

" By Jafus now, but that's quite incomprehensible. Then what satisfaction can I give you, my dear ?"

" Why there is one way, Captain ; only take my wife——any where——on the earth——or under the earth——or to heaven if you will, so I may never see her more."

" Burn me, my dear, but its a great affliction to me that I can't oblige you in your own way ; for the lady and I parted yesterday. And as we went from the Musæum to our lodgings, I saw her mouth swell all the way ; it was a violent inflammation of that pretty little member the tongue, and it burst, my dear, into a thousand poltroons, cowards, and such like pretty epithets ; and all

for

for what ? because I did not take her part at the museum, when I did not know what to say at all. But I learnt from my father, Phelim O'Donnel, Esq ; how to deal with a woman's tongue ; for my mother had one as nimble as a magpie's, and when it began to move on the sinister side, as he used to call it, for he was the best scholar in Ballyshannon, he used either to turn *her* out of doors, or himself. So I turned myself out and went to a young Surgeon's in the town to complain of a little grievance that affected me. The young fellow swore point black that I was ———. Oh, my little honey, says I, but you are quite on the wrong side of the Liffey now, for I have only lain with my wife. That may be, says he ; but the thing is so for all that. Not thinking the thing at all possible, I went to Doctor T——, a great man, and by my soul he said the very same thing.

“ By Jafus, this treatment made the blood boil in my guts ; for the life of honour ought to be the life of honour you know. And I had been true to her ever since I lay with her first, which was upon that very couch there that stares us in the face. So I went to my lodgings, and bad my man carry all my baggage to the tyger ; and then I came to an explanation with Madam. As how, my dear ? Oh, leave me alone for that. My father was the best scholar in Ballyshannon, and a man of experience ; and he used to say, never encounter a woman at her own weapon, for she will rout a troop of horse with it. So I went to the tyger myself, and wrote her a billet doux, as gentle as the sea in a storm. And faith she sent me the fellow to it. By and by, my dear, the wind fell, and rain followed, and so I got a weeping billet, praying me to see her once again. But by this time, faith, I could

could hardly see at all, my landlord's claret had so bothered the lights. By Jafus, Sir George, she is a pretty penman, and the next letter I got was about cruelty and despair, and about leaving her to poverty and distress. 'The devil burn me if I do,' says I, so I sent her a hundred pound paper that came from the bank at London; and by my soul I have but two more left of all my inheritance; and that was five hundred pound which came to me last spring by the death of my father; so I got leave of the colonel to take a turn abroad, d'you see, and when it is all gone I will go back to my regiment, and care for nobody."

"Ptay Captain," says my brother, "how came you first acquainted with Lady Osmond?"

"By Jafus I never was acquainted with Lady Osmond at all till yesterday; but here was Mr. Salway that I got drunk with at Lausanne, and afterwards we were the best friends in Switzerland. And he invited me here, because he had some hampers of as good claret as ever was tip'd, and by my soul, we did not spare it at all. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear, and why should not I, when he told it me himself? Salway was a Lord, my own dear countryman, Lord Conollan; only he lived always in England upon the bogs in Ireland, which are the best land in all France and England too. And I suppose this was the reason of his weak head, for I always made him drunk an hour or two before myself; and after that Mrs. Salway and I sat down to Piquet, and the devil burn me if I did not always lose.

"Now one night when we had finished a game, Oh she has a fine languishing eye, and she told me with it that piquet was a very insipid diversion,

diversion, and I thought so too. And by my soul, the thought had no sooner come into my head, than I found myself down upon the couch and Mrs. Salway too ; and I know no more how it happened than my mother, for I had no design in it at all. The devil burn me if I would have touched a hair of her, if I had ever thought of it before hand, for to lie with your friend's wife——Oh, damn it, my dear, never do it whilst you live. So to comfort me she told me she was only his mistress ; and where is the difference, says I, by Jafus there is none at all. Whenever I was alone by myself I repented well enough ; but when I was alone with Mrs. Salway, Oh faith ! repentance was only a bulrush. Now, by my soul, I never told my dear countryman a syllable about it, and how the plague he found it out is a meteor ; but one afternoon he took me down into the Garden, and fairly taxed me with debauching his wife. Oh, by Saint Patrick ! says I, and how can that be, when she's only your mistress ? But he would hear no reason at all ; so he fetches two pair of pistols, and gave me one, like a man of honour, and we went off into the brake behind the fountain. My Lord fired first, and never hit a hair of my head ; so I fired into the air. Then my Lord fired again, and I was not killed at all, so I fired into the air over again ; and then people came running towards us, and we never stayed to see who they was. I run to Lausanne, and in two days, my Lord, devil burn him, run away to England, and left me Madame for a legacy."

" And what was the reason, Captain O'Donnel, you chose to fire your two pistols in the air ? Was that the etiquette ? "

" It

"It was the etiquette of humanity, my dear; for there was no occasion for me to kill him, without I had been killed myself."

"And is this the manner you would have acted by me?"

"And by Jafus, it is now."

"Then," says Sir George, "give me your hand; you are a brave fellow, O'Donnel, and shall neither kill nor be killed. And I must reimburse you your last hundred, for it is not reasonable you should maintain my wife without the *qui pro quo*, you know."

"The devil burn me, my dear, but you shan't; and I shall do well enough without it."

"You shall spend the day with us, O'Donnel."

"By Jafus will I, and the night too; and I will set off for my regiment to-morrow; and I had rather be doing duty upon the parade, than lying with any man's wife at all."

Thus ended this terrible adventure, a convenient hint for my *finis* also. Dear Wyman, adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

Miss PEGGY WHITAKER to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER at Lausanne.

Dear Sir,

YOU have been so much the friend of our family that I make no scruple of endeavouring to interest you in my present distress. When you left Barham Downs, you left us happy. By your kind attention we were relieved from the odious machinations of Lord Winterbottom, my father returned to his usual fondness, and all our prospects were agreeable. Soon after your departure my sister went to London to the good Mrs. Shirley, and there visited Mrs. Delane. Not to be tedious,

tedious, my Lord Winterbottom saw her at the Opera, and renewed his addresses. My sister rejected them; my father did not. My dear Sir, you know how to make allowance for human weakness; my father was again imposed upon, to say truth, by a very ridiculous proposal. Captain Wycherley, now quite recovered, had the management of this secret negotiation.

Whilst this was doing here, Mrs. Delane was continually alarming my sister about her hectic symptoms, and wishing she could have a fit conveyance and company to the south of France. At length it appeared that young Delane was going to Paris on a secret commission, and declared his intention of proceeding to Montpellier on his own account, and taking his wife with him. They became extremely solicitous to have my sister of the party. She asked my father's leave. My father refused it. At length came a letter from Lord Winterbottom lamenting his hard fate that at last when he began to have hopes of happiness, he must lose it by my sister's want of health, which in his opinion, could only be re-established by a voyage to Lisbon, or a journey to some milder climate. This letter turned the scale; and my sister went. I heard from her from Paris. You know Sir how quick and regular the packets are from France to England, yet it is a month since I received her letter. I have still further reason to be alarmed. It is affirmed here Lord Winterbottom is ruined by the dice, disgraced at court, and obliged to leave England. Wycherley indeed persuades my father to believe these reports are merely malicious, but they gain ground about the neighbourhood. You know also, that we never had a satisfactory account of Mrs. Delane's family, and it is whispered here that she was once Lord Winterbottom's

Winterbottom's mistress. If this be true, as I fear it is, there is great reason to fear treachery for my sister; not I hope with my father's consent; yet he said yesterday, with a significant air implying secrecy, that my sister would yet be Lady Winterbottom, and soon. My dear Sir, I write this with little hope; yet it may be possible, you may hear of her by enquiry, though your route does not coincide with her's: And Oh! how grateful should I be to the man who serves——perhaps who saves my sister. At least I am sure you will pardon this trouble from

Your most obedient servant,

M. WHITAKER.

I am sorry to hear Miss Archer is prejudiced in favour of Captain Wycherley. I doubt she stands a poor chance for happiness.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. OSMOND.

London.

YES; I will disburthen my conscience of this load of a story that lies so heavily upon it; then catch me again at a love-tale——if thou canst.

When Kitty had administered her usual morning's comfort to the poor woman and had left the cottage to return home, she found herself seized under each arm by two soldiers, who, without speaking a word, run her along for the space of half a mile, till her limbs refused to perform this labour any longer, and she sunk into their arms. They were assisted in carrying her by another person, and in a few minutes arrived at the corner of a wood near the road from Dublin to Wicklow. Here they found a chaise with a woman in it, to whose care they committed her, and the third person, who was no other than the gallant

M'Dermot, stepping in also, the chaise drove away, and the soldiers returned whence they came.

Kitty had been some minutes insensible, and the first object she opened her eyes upon was M'Dermot, whom she no sooner recognized than she sunk again into the arms of the woman who supported her. This she continued to do many times, before she could bear the agitation of the chaise, and the sense of her situation. As soon as she was in a capacity to hear, Mr. M'Dermot gallantly threw himself upon his knees, and supplicated forgiveness for himself, and his master, who was dying of despair. From an object so disagreeable, Kitty turned her eyes, and hrew them upon the woman, whose aspect yielded in point of beauty only to Medusa's.

"Good God!" exclaimed Kitty, "into what hands am I fallen?"

"Into very good hands I assure you Miss," replies Mrs. Rourke; "neither Mr. M'Dermot nor myself want humanity, and as for his honour there is not a kindlier hearted gentleman in the county of Wicklow, though I say it, nor one that would do more for a pretty girl."

"Oh, my God!" says Kitty.

"It may be very pious Miss, but I am sure it is very blaspheming, to call upon God when you don't want him; and what occasion is there for it now when you are going to a gentleman that loves you as well as his own soul——don't he Mr. M'Dermot?"

"Yes, and better too," replies the gentleman.

"Lord have mercy upon me!" says Kitty.

"I tell you there's no occasion," returns Mrs. Rourke, "you are going to be as happy as the day is long——is not she, Mr. M'Dermot?"

"Indeed,

"Indeed she is, Mrs. Rourke, and the night too."

"I assure you," continues Mrs. Rourke, "that I have had the care of several young ladies for the late Earl; and of some that called upon the Lord for delivery before there was need, as you do; but I promise you they soon changed their tone. And yet to my thinking the old Earl was nothing of a gentleman to his honour; was he, Mr. M'Dermot?"

"No, nothing at all, at all. Oh, his honour is a gentleman from top to toe."

Kitty, not being allowed to pray, and not willing to swear, wrung her hands in silence, now and then casting her lovely eyes upwards.

"Come, come, Miss," says Mrs. Rourke, "think of Heaven o'Sundays, and now think of the good things of this world. Here is a biscuit, Miss, and we'll have a glass of wine a piece, I'm sure I want one."

"No, (says Kitty) I don't chuse any."

"Pshaw, don't tell me, (says Mrs. Rourke;) none of your pouts; how is life to be imported without something that's good. You'll not be at your journey's end till two or three o'clock, I can tell you, and you'll never light till you come there."

"Don't trouble me, good woman, (replies Kitty.) I want nothing of you."

"So, so, indeed that's it honey, is it? Well, I have not excised my compacity this many years, but I warrant you I finds a way to cure all this; shan't I, Mr. M'Dermot?"

"I hope so, Madam, (replies the valet,) but gentle means, Mrs. Rourke."—

"Gentle me no gentles, sure I ought to know what's best, with my experunce, and one of my own seck too. Why I was as kind a mother al-

ways, when young ladies did as I would have 'em ; but if not, I never wanted expedunts of one sort or another. So Miss I advise you to eat this biscuit and take a glass of wine."——

" Let me entreat you Miss," says M'Dermot."

Kitty, whose gentle spirit had seldom rose to opposition, did as she was desired in silence. Nor could all Mrs. Rourke's eloquence, which lasted to the end of the journey without intermission, draw forth another word.

About two o'clock they stopped at the gates of a mansion house, situated in a hollow, and surrounded by a moat. Every thing about it had an aspect of gloom. Kitty was conducted into a parlour where she found a cloth laid for two. Mrs. Rourke sat down to table with her, and by the powers of her oratory, sometimes soothing, and sometimes minatory, overcame Kitty's reluctance to eat. To say truth, nature had overcome it long before, for in young and healthy bodies, affliction does not always exclude hunger.

But though Kitty eat, all the eloquence of Mrs. Rourke failed in persuading her to drink ; a glass of water excepted. Mrs. Rourke therefore had the bottle to herself, and had scarce finished it and a long eulogium upon the honourable Mr. Corrane, when the honourable Mr. Corrane arrived. He flew to Kitty in rapture ; Mrs. Rourke retired ; and Kitty trembled. His honour threw himself at her feet, assumed the most tender and respectful air, and made a long oration touching his love, his despair, his birth, his honour, and his rights.

" Rights !" says Kitty, with a sigh.

" Rights,"

"Rights," [repeated his honour, "such as the church can neither give, nor take away. You are mine by the laws of nature, by the laws of love."——

"Once I thought so," interrupted Kitty; "you thought otherwise, and rejected these rights. I think otherwise now; and surely, surely, Mr. Corrane, this outrage is not calculated to inspire me with softer sentiments."

"Surely Kitty, you will not give the harsh name of outrage to a gentle violence, contrived to draw you out of the hands of age and hypocrisy, and restore you to the arms of love and joy?"

"Now," replies Kitty, "I see your opinion of me must be mean indeed; thus to insult my understanding; to give the name of hypocrisy to goodness itself, and that of love, to infamy. In the name of common sense, Mr. Corrane, why do you seek to load yourself with a baseness not necessary even to the vile design you meditate?"

"Why this is prettily spoke, Kitty; very prettily spoke; but where's the sense of it? Or where's the baseness in designing to make you happy, and myself too?"

"Well, Sir, if you are callous to all sense of virtue, it is a vain attempt to move you to goodness by argument. But I cannot be happy in the way you propose, consequently cannot make you so. This being the case, Mr. Corrane, and as no people in their senses would chuse to run into vice, in order to procure certain misery, let me beg of you to think no more of me; send me back to Mr. Arnold; I will forgive what you have now done, and——if I can——forget."

"That damned old fool, Kitty, has turned thy head with his precise antediluvian notions."

"He has so," replies Kitty; "for which I return thanks to him and heaven. The worst I wish you, Mr. Corrane, is, that your mind may be open to receive the same blessing."

"Damn him," says the honourable Mr. Corrane; "I offer you all the blessings of life that youth, health, riches, and honours can procure, and this old toothless rascal robs me of happiness, and you of understanding, by his cursed cant about spirit."

"Spirit is out of your creed, I suppose," says Kitty? "The Notion of a future state must be too vulgar for a fine gentleman."

"Yes, my pretty enthusiast; the ground is untenable. Half the parsons, and all the fine ladies have abandoned it."

"Well, Sir, pity the prejudices of education; you might have had the misfortune to have been determined to virtue by their means as well as myself. You would then perhaps have shuddered at what you now undertake so lightly."

"And why so, Kate; Don't thousands of pious people do the same? Is not the trespass venial? Concerning thy virginity, Kitty—thou hast forgiven the theft long ago—I have forgiven myself—and what the devil has the Lord to do with our monkey tricks?"

"Well, Mr. Corrane, to be sure this is very witty, and very spirited; but as I have the misfortune to tremble at hearing it, indulge my weakness, and send me back to Dublin."

"Will

"Will it not be better, Kitty, to cure thee of thy weakness?"

"I humbly thank you, Sir, you have; and I have the additional obligation to you of every moment strengthening me against a relapse. Add to this kindness by granting my request."

"Who is witty now, Miss? But thy request, Kitty, is of so singular a nature——To be at the pains of bringing you here,——only to send you back again——Of all things I never could endure to make myself ridiculous. Think of some other way in which I can oblige my lovely girl."

"I know of none."

"Then I will shew thee, Kitty," seizing her round the waist, and carrying her towards a couch.

Kitty dropt upon her knees, and with her pretty hands lifted up, supplicated him for mercy.

His honour had ravished some kisses, and they had put his senses into such a whirl, that he could not understand Kitty's supplications. She resisted as long as she could resist, and sunk at once into a deep swoon. The honourable Mr. Corrane finding her motionless, had the goodness to desist. He did more, he sent Mrs. Rourke to her relief. It was impossible to send more effectual assistance. The good woman went about her business with so much coolness and sagacity, that Kitty recovered her senses before half a pound of feathers had been consumed under her nostrils.

"God bless your pretty sweet face, Miss," says Mrs. Rourke; "little did I think of seeing any more of the good old times in this house. When the old Earl was a young man, people
used

used to count it a sin to keep a mistress, or take a young girl from her mother. Folks of the very first fashion were forced to do these things in a corner, and were glad of such a convenient house as this. But now Lord, how times are changed ! I thought the house would have tumbled down before I had seen another pretty face in it, besides my own. Ah well ! I am old now. And yet, Miss, I assure you I was quite chaste when I was young."

Miss looked, and believed.

" Well now we shall have flogging and dancing, and a belly full of good things. But you must not be too perverse, Miss, for fear his honour tire. And what does it signify ? You must be what you must be in the long run, or else his honour breaks sadly off the breed. And where's the harm ? What were women made for, I wonder ?"

" To torment, or be tormented for ever," says Kitty, " I think."

His honour's entrance, prevented a reply. Mrs. Rourke retired. Mr. Corrane now wore another countenance. He condescended to kneel and ask forgiveness. He had seen his error he said in the atrocious light it deserved. He despised, he detested, he abhorred himself, for offering violence to such beauty. It was unworthy of a gentleman, it was unworthy of a man. No adequate compensation could be made. But what he could, he would. He offered her his fortune for atonement, and if that would not do, his life.

" Send me back to Dublin," says Kitty.

" By heaven I will. To morrow morning I comply with your request."

" Oh to-night, to-night," cries Kitty.

" Impossible,

"Impossible, my love. There are no horses within ten miles but those which brought you, and they are incapable. Have confidence in me, my lovely girl. Never more will I offend you. No; you shall go back to Mr. Arnold. I will confess my fault to him. Kitty, I cannot give you up with life. I will die or be your husband."

The whole conversation of the evening ran in the same strain. Such perpetual asseverations of penitence could scarce fail of gaining credit in a mind like Kitty's. She recovered some small degree of chearfulness, and even listened, with lessening resolution, to his vows of everlasting love and gratitude, if he could prevail upon her to forgive. Supper came, she eat a little, and drank nothing at all. Soon after she retired to her chamber, locked the door, prayed fervently, and threw herself upon the bed without undressing. Fearful, though not suspicious, she wished to keep herself awake; and rose for this purpose to amuse herself with the old pictures which hung in the room. They were family pieces, and the amusement was heavy. It was now midnight, and all was silent. At length she yielded to the impulse of nature, and fell asleep.

Let us return to the honourable Mr. Corrane. The impulse by which this worthy gentleman was actuated, was something more turbulent. By two years practice only, he had acquired the happy facility of determining his mind to reject at sight the moral suggestions of right and wrong, and to consider the desirable alone, with the means of obtaining it. Now Kitty was become a desirable of the first magnitude. Her beauty was in its highest bloom; her sense improved;
and

and she had not acquired any of the fille-de-joie talents of tormenting, or impoverishing a lover. But Kitty was refractory, and the way he had taken, did not seem likely to answer the end. Night has softening powers. I will trust to its influence. Even if she sinks into insensibility as she did to-day, the very supposition that I have possessed her, may operate in my favour. Thus reasoned rapidly the honourable Mr. Corrane, and he took his measures accordingly: That is to say he consulted Mrs. Rourke about putting his design in execution.

"God bless your honour," says this chaste matron, "and your honour's good father! Many a guinea have I got of his Lordship for my help in these sort of things, but times are changed now. Yes, I believe I could put your honour in a way, but its wicked, very wicked; I am old, and full of repentance, God help me."

"You are a good Catholic, Mrs. -Rourke?"

"Yes God help me; that's all my salvation."

"You have a kind Father I hope?"

"Pretty well, pretty well. Time was, the good man and I, took a cheering cup together after confession; he was a great lover of genuine usquebaugh, and I had it in my power to indulge him with a bottle now and then, thanks to my good old Lord's generosity. Usquebaugh is a fine mollifier. Penances were easy in those days. Now, God help me, I am forced to rub my knees sore; and fast, and fast, and pray, pray, pray; there's no end on't."

"Well, Mrs. Rourke, genuine Usquebaugh is to be had yet, and here's an earnest of my future favours"

"Ah,

" Ah, good your honour ! but don't be harsh with the poor young thing. Your honour is your father's own son, God blefs him ! "

" There is a private door into the chamber, made by his lordship's own order ; but sure I hope you won't be wicked. "

At this private door then, did his honour wait and listen, till he had reason to believe Kitty slept ; through this he stole and laid himself quietly by her. A frightful dream awaked her. She found herself clasped in his arms.

" Vile, dishonourable wretch ! " exclaimed Kitty, endeavouring to disengage herself. " Barbarous monster ! Heaven protect me ! "

His honour answered these exclamations by a closer embrace, and by the softest words in Bailey's Dictionary. There was a time when they would have excited the sweetest sensations ; now they raised horror only, and disgust. All that poor Kitty could do in this hour of terror, was to reproach, intreat, and tremble. All that his honour yet thought proper to do, was to sooth, flatter, and implore. What would have been the final result, can only be guessed at from the known intrepidity of the gentleman, and the weakness of the lady ; but fortune, who delights in counteracting schemes planned by wisdom herself, had provided a back stroke, to lay his honour's glory in the dust. At this interesting crisis a loud alarm was given at the gates. People demanded entrance in the name of the King. The room fronted the gates. His honour began now to feel the difference betwixt trembling with expectation, and trembling for fear. He guessed the true cause of the alarm.

" Kitty, (says he) the game is now in your hands, I have lost the point. Let me seize one
parting

parting kifs, and then farewell—I doubt for ever. And remember, my lovely girl, in your hour of triumph, how kindly, how generously you were dealt with in mine.”

His honour took the parting kifs, sighed deeply, swore a little, and left the room.

In a quarter of an hour the house was in commotion; the trembling Kitty heard the tread of feet about her own apartment; and an instant after, found herself fast locked in the arms of her dear Polly Singleton.

It may be now expedient to go back to the cause of this event, the relation of which might well enough take ten quarto pages of post, if I was to be paid *legally* for them; but when a lawyer gives his words *gratis*, he utters them sparingly, as to a client *in forma pauperis*.

When, at Mr. Arnold's, the fears of the family on Kitty's account were confirmed by intelligence, Polly Singleton went out of her little wits like a woman. The Quaker had never in his life yielded to despondence, and he judged wisely that he should, in the present instance, reap but a small quantity of utility from it. He knew from whence the stroke came; he knew also the legal remedy; but unless he could know also where Kitty was carried, all other knowledge was vain. To trace her to the chaise was easy, for labourers left their spades, and ploughmen their horses drawing by the tail to tell it; and the said, or a like chaise had been met with women in it, seven miles upon the road to Wicklow. Singleton, by Mr. Arnold's desire, goes to the common rendezvous of servants out of place; finds one who had lived in the family of the late Earl, and obtains from him a very clear account of the situation of this family mansion. Another lucky thought strikes him.

An

An eminent surveyor of his acquaintance had been employed by the young Earl to resurvey his estates, in order to raise them, according to the laudable custom of gentlemen, whether their lands will bear it or no. The surveyor was actually employed in this calculus when Singleton arrived. Twenty thousand acres upon the banks of the Shannon, and twelve to the North, were all the family possession except this detached one in the county of Wicklow. It became therefore highly probable at least, that this must be the select retirement. Mr. Arnold lost not a minute in applying to the Lord Chief Justice, who being himself inclined to order and honesty, rich, and fearing nobody, expedited the necessary warrants with all possible secrecy and dispatch. The good Quaker himself was unfit for the expedition; some disagreeable consequences of his wound remained, and he was becoming infirm at too great a rate. It devolved therefore upon Singleton, who undertook it with alacrity, and obtaining guides, they set out with the proper officers at the dusk of evening; Polly too, regardless of the night, intreated to go with them.

Willingly now, dear Osmond, would I treat you with a dish dressed to your own taste. The materials lie before me. The embraces of Kitty and Polly! The restoration to the arms of the paternal Arnold! Sensibility rising to rapture! But there is a very old, and a very coarse proverb, Harry, that deters me from the attempt. The Lord sends meat, but the Devil sends cooks. Cook it thyself. I hasten to a thing of more importance. I hasten to the End.

The honourable Mr. Corrane had got out of the house unseen, took horse, and rode with all speed to Dublin, in order to consult his brother.

They knew the credit of Mr. Arnold, and they knew his spirit too. A public trial would be public infamy. Heavy damages must be the result ; or something worse. It was determined therefore to avoid it at all events ; and that if the Quaker would listen to no terms of composition, his honour should withdraw into America ; enter as a volunteer into the troops just then playing the first act of the tragedy ; and that the Earl should procure him a commission as soon as possible. In consequence of this, Lord Cronnot paid Mr. Arnold a visit the very next day, and the first civilities over, began with saying how extremely sorry he was to wait upon him on such an occasion.

" I dare say thou art," says the Quaker.

" To be sure my brother is excessively to blame, but the force of love in the minds of impatient young men, pleads some excuse."

" As drunkenness excuses murder," replies Mr. Arnold ; " or as hunger might have excused Perry Loggan, who robbed thy granary last winter, and yet thou hangedst him."

" Hanged him Sir ! The laws hanged him, not I."

" It is to the care of the laws I design to give up thy brother ; neither thou nor I were ever intended for public executioners."

" Sure Mr. Arnold, you would not hang him if you could ?"

" Why not, if his crimes deserve it ?"

" My God Sir I consider the indelible stain upon an honourable family."

" Did it not cast an indelible stain upon the family of Perry Loggan ?"

" Surely Mr. Arnold you cannot be serious in the comparison ?"

" Why not, I pray thee ?"

"Who the devil ever thought of uniting the idea of honour with the name of such a family?"

"The idea of honesty they may at least; as useful a quality amongst plebeians, as what thou callest honour amongst the nobility."

"But nobody talks at all of such people."

"Friend Cronnot, this may be the language of pride, but not of discernment. If thou art a Lord, the common people are men. Every class of life has *its peerage*. This Nobody of thine is nothing more than the bulk of mankind."

"Consider Sir, the wide spread mischief, so cruel a stigma would diffuse over all the correlatives of a noble family?"

"Has thy honourable house more uncles, aunts and cousins, than falls in general to the lot of a plebeian?"

"You are pleasant, Sir. But what has your plebeian to oppose to the deprivation of the honours and offices of the state?"

"The deprivation of bread, a much more terrible calamity."

"Whatsoever you may think, Sir, I feel in a different manner."

"I envy not thy feelings."

"Nor do I think the comparison you have all along carried on, betwixt the nobility and the refuse of mankind altogether so polite."

"Refuse of mankind! Lay thy hand upon thy heart, neighbour Cronnot, and ask it, whether these magnificent ideas have their foundation either in nature or in common sense." My Lord bit his lips, and looked an angry answer.

"Be not in wrath, friend Cronnot, I design thee no offence; but the point in question thou knowest, is Truth, not Politeness."

"Well, Sir, if this is your way of thinking, indulge your malice; let us see how far into the regions of vengeance, a Quaker's meekness will carry him. But, Sir, you over rate your power. You cannot touch my brother's life. In that particular I defy you. You may get a few damages perhaps—a paltry recompence—fully adequate to the offence indeed, and exactly suited to your sordid disposition—your low and grovelling ideas—your extraction and education—Your ———"

"Thy noble blood rises, I perceive, friend Cronnot; but unless thou canst rail away the laws of thy country, I do not perceive the use of this heat. Doth it make thy intellects clearer?"

"Damn your sarcasm, Sir! Would it not raise the indignation of any man breathing to hear a fellow talk of hanging the son of an Earl for a little freedom with an insignificant girl?"

"Would'st thou have talked in this strain, if my brother had taken the like freedoms with thy sister?"

"Curse your comparisons! you are taking every opportunity of putting yourself upon a level with me."

"I am wronging myself then."

"You have all the pride of your sect, I see, I wish you had its meekness."

"I thank thee."

"And you are determined to persist in endeavouring to hang my brother?"

"Not I indeed. It was thyself that started the idea. I only put him upon the justice of his
his

his country. How that will deal with him I know not."

"Why, if you prove your facts, you will obtain a little money by way of damages, that's all."

"It may be so."

"Then I offer you this reparation, without going to law. What sum do you ask?"

"I ask thee nothing."

"Five hundred pounds for a girl who has not a shilling, you will think, I suppose, an handsome offer?"

"I despise thy offer, and thyself for making it; and to end this ridiculous conversation, thou shalt know my mind in few words. The only just ideas of punishment appear to me to be these. To deter the offender, and others also, from similar practices; and to spread the ignominy of evil deeds as far as possible, that they may be held in abhorrence, and may be cautions to the unwary. Thy brother's money, if that is the reparation, thou shalt see given to some foundation for the benefit of mankind."

"Well, Sir, I will now return your frankness; my brother is determined to withdraw from this country, in order to elude your process, if you resolve to proceed in it."

"Part of my end will be answered by it. I shall be easy on Miss Ross's account. It will be a confession of his guilt, and in some measure a public sentence. If he goes into the service of his country, employment may correct his follies. As a friend, I advise him to this; and I advise him to it as an enemy."

"Then if he pursues this course, we part friends."

"We do. I wish the young man good, not evil."

Thus ended this adventure. The honourable Mr. Corrane stole away, and Kitty again felt the sweets of peace and tranquility. She lived the darling of the good old Quaker, the distributor of his bounties, and the nurse of his infirmities. About a year since she closed his eyes for ever. A little before that event, she received by an American vessel, a packet from her lover. It contained a penitential letter, and his will. Though the honourable Mr. Corrane was of the protestant, if of any, faith, he began this last work like a good Catholic, with confession. He took a review of past occurrences, and gave a tolerably ample and humiliating detail of the ideas which served him for motives in the several transactions he had had with her; and in particular of the last. He owned his intentions were to have enjoyed her at any rate, that fatal night that undid him, and to have carried her, dead or alive, the next day to a habitation of his own, in the county of Connaught. From this letter I have been enabled to explain many workings of the young gentleman's mind, which must have appeared to you, fiction or conjecture; but indeed my history is much more faithful than you will believe, till I have informed of one little circumstance, which will probably account for my being so deep in the lady's secrets. In plain truth, Harry, she has the honour, at present, to be a counsellor's lady, and has changed her name to Wyman. The reason of this phenomenon is, that after I had seen the beauties of her face, and found that they were to those of her mind as number to infinity. I got no quiet by day, and very little by night. Cases multiplied upon cases. I wrote into Ireland. I received for answer, that those who knew her agreed, she was the

the best woman in it. I grew sicker and sicker, and at length laid *my* case before her, as she had formerly done her's before me. A long time she refused to prescribe any medicines but those which turned my stomach. It is true that when the first symptoms of my disorder became visible, she attempted to cure me by a frank confession of her original ruin. It would not do. Out of pure pity, she condescended to apply the last remedy, and it has succeeded with me so well and so happily, that I wish thee in the arms of Annabella, from the bottom of my heart.

Looking a little back, I see I have brought this lady's affairs to a period something before the time. The honourable Mr. Corrane's will contained a legacy of two thousand pounds. He was dying when he made it at St. Lucia. The next ships confirmed his death. The legacy was punctually paid. The good Quaker left effects to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds. Eight of these he gave to Kitty. Two to the children of Singleton. Two more amongst other friends; and the remainder to sundry Dublin charities. Two of Kitty's eight she immediately consigned over in full property to Polly Singleton, who gave her own amongst her brothers and sisters. Five hundred she gave her father, and the rest to Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Sels.

SINCE my last we have two of your letters, dear Wyman, the first, a continuation of Miss Rose's story, which you have kindly contrived,

trived, so as to hang us up *ad libitum*, on the tender hooks of expectation. The last contains memoirs of the great Lord Winterbottom. "Wish well to your enemies," William, is an admirable precept, but difficult in practice. My present feelings concerning this noble statesman, convince me, I am not yet arrived at the pinnacle of christian perfection.

Captain O'Donnel has but just left us. His blunders, his sense, his prejudices, his adherence to modern honour, and his strong addiction to eternal honesty, form as whimsical a mixture as man can well be composed of. We parted on both sides with regret. His regiment is quartered at Vienne, so that possibly we may see him again on our return from Italy.

Not to have seen the Glaciers of Savoy would have been an offence unpardonable; and not to share this satisfaction with our friends in the best way we can, is unpardonable also. I am going to describe them.

"Yes, says Sir George, in answer to an observation of Sir Ambrose Archer's, as we were going slowly along the valley of Chamouni, returning in the evening to our inn.—"Yes; to reach the summit of an art or science, without being instituted in its elements when young, is an instance of rare genius indeed."

"Behold in me that rare genius," answers a thin, spare gentleman, who overtook us at that instant.

"You are foreigners, gentlemen," continues he; "*ultra montani*, I know it by your bad Italian; but though you lived *apud ultimam Thule*, my fame must have reached your ears. I am the renowned pedagogue of Nibbiano."

The

The renowned pedagogue of Nibbiano seeing us deprived of the faculty of speech, went on thus. "Once, I was a peasant of Piedmont, a lump of unformed clay. Now, I have given a new edition of Statius, *cum notis variorum*, all wrote by myself. I have taught four hundred boys to read—or seem to read. I have whipped them well. Many were youths of happy memory. On whatsoever soil their lot shall cast them, they will remember their preceptor. And all this blaze of glory, I owe to nothing more or less, than being a cuckold."

"The Devil!" says Sir George. "The incident indeed is common enough; but to grow immortal by it, is rare felicity. At the inn before you, we design this evening to make ourselves as happy as men unknown to Fame can expect to be. Condescend learned Sir, to favour us with your society. Instruct us in the causes and consequences of this very common and extraordinary event. We also have happy memories, and will remember our Preceptor."

"Enough," replies the schoolmaster; "a desire of instruction is *mentis ingenue Signum*; I devote myself this evening to your service."

The inn was the best in the vallies of Chamouni; for it had a large parlour furnished with two beaufets, containing the glass and china ware, and all the elegant utensils of a country inn. It is true, this occasioned a perpetual commutation (I wish the word was naturalized) betwixt the beaufets and the kitchen, an inconvenience for which the landlady consoled herself, because she was able by it to keep her guests awake; and her guests, because it was irremediable.

Arranging

Arranging ourselves then in the circumference of a circle of which the fire was the centre, with two bottles of unimported wine before us, see us prepared to profit by the wisdom of our whimsical preceptor.

“Thirty years since,” says he, “I was a peasant of Piedmont, and rented a moderate farm under the fathers of the convent of Polimo. I married a pretty creature, with eyes as black as ebony, and sparkling like diamonds. Of wit, she had enough ; of devotion, something to spare.

“Since I became a man of science I have been diligent in the enquiry whether an antient or a modern Roman had the power to devote most time to the outside of religion ; and I find the ancient might sacrifice, and the modern Mass away a dozen hours per diem in all holiness. But these essential duties, as the Parsons call them, are only for the rich ; Poor folk must be the devil’s property for want of time. My wife however, did as well as she could ; her rosary of fifteen paternoster, and ten times fifteen ave maria beads, performed its destined business, even whilst the cows were milking ; and before all things, she preferred the sacred duty of confession.

“My house happened to be within an evening’s walk of the convent, and one or other of the good fathers would often call in, and bestow upon me a few pious exhortations. Father Paul, in particular, my wife’s confessor, overflowed in zeal and kindness ; and it was a grievous mortification to me, that one profane business or other, prevented my reaping the full harvest of his holy admonitions.

“One

"One morn, one fatal morn I sad presage of future misfortunes, I broke my plough. Returning to the house, I asked my little girl, who began to lisp, where was her mother?"

"Tontessing, Daddy, wid fader Paul."

"Confessing," says I, "is a good work, and ought to be secret; I'll not interrupt them. And where are they, Annetti?"

"In Mammy's tameber."

"In Mammy's chamber! Humph! A very foolish fit of curiosity seized me all of a sudden, to know what kind of sins my pious wife could possibly have upon her hands. I crept softly into the next chamber; the partition wall was old wainscot, terribly out of repair. Through one of the chinks I perceived the holy father's cowl and mantle lying upon a chair. The hour of penance had succeeded that of confession, and the good father Paul was actually chastising his penitent with the sweat of his own brow. But as it was a kind of penance which foolish husbands are apt to think they have the sole right of inflicting, this invasion of property gave me the heart-burn. So great however was my reverence for holy men, that I did not dare to admit the least thought of vengeance. On the contrary, I sneaked down into the stable, where I amused myself with scratching my pate, and knawing my thumbs, till I saw father Paul depart. Then taking a pliant plant, I slipped unobserved into the confessional room, where I found the bed as composed as if it had never sinned. I called up my wife. Come hither my pretty Annetti, says I, and tell me what father Paul and you have been about so long in this room?"

"I have been at confession."

"And what did you confess, Annetti?"

"Law

“ Law now, Benedict, as if you did not know what a sin it is to tell.”

“ Well, I hope you got absolution, Annetti ?”

“ Yes, sure.”

“ Then you are fit for heaven, whither I design to send you as soon as possible, (taking out a clasp knife). Annetti plumped upon her knees. It was impossible to kill her in that attitude ; so I only beat her till she fainted away.

“ At that time of day, gentlemen, my ideas of cuckoldom were quite unphilosophic ; passion had the ascendant. An experience of thirty years has taught me to consider it as a mere peccadillo ; and if a woman has no *other* fault than making her husband a cuckold, she is a good woman.

“ I left my wife in the chamber, and stalked heroically into an adjoining field. I wanted to reason, but my blood was too warm ; I could therefore only agitate the question, whether I should stay and bear my infamy, or run away and leave it behind. It was a terrible conflict, and might have lasted to this hour for ought I know, if Annetti herself had not determined it. I saw her steal out of the house, and take the road to the convent like a lapwing. Oh ho, says I, if thou art going to raise that hornet’s nest about my ears, I must carry them away from the Buz. So slipping back into the house I put on my best apparel, broke open the money drawer, robbed myself, and ran away with the booty ; nor did I give myself a day’s repose till, like another Hannibal, I had passed the Po.

“ By this time, my blood stood at temperate ; consequently I could better see the road before me. From a peasant of Piedmont I had advanced myself to the dignity of a citizen of the world,

world, and I had seven and twenty pistoles in my purse, to maintain it.

“Of all the variety of habits worn by the mind of man, I had a peculiar aversion to black; I never dressed mine in it for an hour, except when my belly was empty; and whilst my pistoles lasted it was as seldom so, as Apicius himself could have wished. During this happy period, I saw, like Ulysses, many men, and many manners; but when my unhappy purse had breathed its last, I saw fewer of both than I liked. I was then obliged to bid adieu to splendid cities, and traverse the plains from plough to plough. During this peregrination which lasted near ten years, it must be owned, *Fames et macies*, made themselves too familiar with my person, and at length fairly drove me to the shelter of a brick-kiln, at the little town of Nibbiano, where I hired myself for the summer.

“My humble lodging happened to be next door to a school of some reputation where forty or fifty boys were taught to read and write, and were grounded in the rudiments of the latin tongue. Besides this, the master gave two hours of every evening to the instruction of young people who were obliged to labour in the day. There was a time when I could have writ, read, and *docuor docueris* well enough for a peasant; but it was all lost, and the whim seized me of recovering it. See me then at school at the age of thirty-five, hunting through grammars and dictionaries, and what is more extraordinary, ardent in the chase. The master was an old man, who living a bachelor to his grand climacteric, had saved money, and a year before indulged himself with a young wife. She and the school together bore too hard upon him, and as he had taken a sort

of liking to me, he offered me upon the approach of winter, my board for my assistance. I accepted the offer and was received into the house.

"I was now, as it were, at the feet of Gamaliel, and eat science at every meal. Undoubtedly we were a learned family, for Mrs. Padilli herself was imbued *cum bonis litteris*, chiefly extracted from an excellent folio called the lives of the saints. The good creature was never without miracles for our entertainment, one more exalted than another. That of St. Anthony, if I do not mistake the saint, reached the true pinnacle of the sublime. The head of this good man, the blood thirsty heathens struck off at a single blow. Escaped from the murd'rous axe, it rolled itself seventy-four yards up a hill. St. Anthony got up from the block, hobbled after his poor head as fast as he could, took it up, kissed it, and putting it under his arm, walked home to his own house, several leagues off; and there buried his poor head and himself, reading the service of the dead all the while, to the astonishment and edification of a crowded audience.

"But a woman may be a good wife, even though she does believe in miracles, and I think Italy never produced a better. She honoured and obeyed her husband wonderfully, and the old man confessed himself happier in the autumn, than he had been in the spring and summer of his life. "I have," says he, "but two things to plague me; Rheumatism, and the want of a boy to make a Pythagoras of."

"Mr. Arnaud," says the good Mrs. Padilli one day in the second year of my abode with them,

"What a pity it is my master did not marry before he was past getting children?"

"Great pity, Mrs. Padilli."

"Not to have an heir to his means; so much as he longs for one too."

"A thousand pities indeed, Mrs. Padilli."

"To be sure its a great sin, and a great shame, for a married woman, to let another man touch her. I wonder how a woman can look up after, sure I never could."

"This was a case however in which Mrs. Padilli happened to be mistaken; for neither her spotless virtue, nor my exalted philosophy, could get the victory over Satan, and our senses, and get the good woman in a little time, looked up very well after it."

"In this state of sin I lived about three years, when it pleased heaven, by taking old Padilli to myself, to call me back again to righteousness; for it became the widow's interest, and for ought I know, her inclination, to offer me her beautiful self in marriage. I considered the matter in all its lights, celestial and terrestrial. The canon laws, and the civil laws equally prohibited two wives at a time; but unless Canons and Lawyers were conjurors I thought I had little to fear. In short I settled the matter with my conscience, and wedded the widow in six months."

"Fourteen years I lived with her, enjoying all the solid comforts of matrimony, except children. All this time I increased my learning, my reputation, my school, and my money. Whether the holy ghost proceeded from the father only, or from the father and the son; whether my old wife was alive, or my new one made me a cuckold, were mysteries, into which I never cared to

of liking to me, he offered me upon the approach of winter, my board for my assistance. I accepted the offer and was received into the house.

"I was now, as it were, at the feet of Gamaliel, and eat science at every meal. Undoubtedly we were a learned family, for Mrs. Padilli herself was imbued *cum bonis litteris*, chiefly extracted from an excellent folio called the lives of the saints. The good creature was never without miracles for our entertainment, one more exalted than another. That of St. Anthony, if I do not mistake the saint, reached the true pinnacle of the sublime. The head of this good man, the blood thirsty heathens struck off at a single blow. Escaped from the murd'rous axe, it rolled itself seventy-four yards up a hill. St. Anthony got up from the block, hobbled after his poor head as fast as he could, took it up, kissed it, and putting it under his arm, walked home to his own house, several leagues off; and there buried his poor head and himself, reading the service of the dead all the while, to the astonishment and edification of a crowded audience.

"But a woman may be a good wife, even though she does believe in miracles, and I think Italy never produced a better. She honoured and obeyed her husband wonderfully, and the old man confessed himself happier in the autumn, than he had been in the spring and summer of his life. "I have," says he, "but two things to plague me; Rheumatism, and the want of a boy to make a Pythagoras of."

"Mr. Arnaud," says the good Mrs. Padilli one day in the second year of my abode with them,

what a pity it is my master did not marry before he was past getting children?"

"Great pity, Mrs. Padilli."

"Not to have an heir to his means; so much he longs for one too."

"A thousand pities indeed, Mrs. Padilli."

"To be sure its a great sin, and a great shame, for a married woman, to let another man touch her. I wonder how a woman can look up after, sure I never could."

"This was a case however in which Mrs. Padilli happened to be mistaken; for neither her spotless virtue, nor my exalted philosophy, could get the victory over Satan, and our senses, and yet the good woman in a little time, looked up very well after it.

"In this state of sin I lived about three years, when it pleased heaven, by taking old Padilli to himself, to call me back again to righteousness; for it became the widow's interest, and for ought I know, her inclination, to offer me her beautiful self in marriage. I considered the matter in all its lights, celestial and terrestrial. The canon laws, and the civil laws equally prohibited two wives at a time; but unless Canonists and Lawyers were conjurors I thought I had little to fear. In short I settled the matter with my conscience, and wedded the widow in six months.

"Fourteen years I lived with her, enjoying all the solid comforts of matrimony, except children. All this time I increased my learning, my reputation, my school, and my money. Whether the holy ghost proceeded from the father only, or from the father and the son; whether my old wife was alive, or my new one made me a cuckold, were mysteries, into which I never cared to

enquire, and I question but I was altogether as happy in ignorance, as a revelation of these points would have made me. At length, it pleased Atropos to cut the thread of my Nibbiano spouse's life. I bore it with the fortitude of a philosopher. But I have since found that in some particulars my tranquillity is vulnerable. I took into my house a decent hand-maid who got herself with child without my leave; under whose administration indeed my wine never went sour by too long keeping; but my money now my greatest comfort in life, marched speedily off for extraordinaries. History and Experience have both taught me, that troops serving for pay, are not to be relied on; my last and present mercenary, is an old woman whom I took upon character; that of being the stingiest old devil in Italy. It is true I have saved more money during her reign, but my house stinks of dirt, and all things animate or inanimate within it.

"Reflecting upon these and other crosses, and above all upon the nature of woman, I concluded that it was in vain to expect a silken purse out of a sow's ear, and that it was the wisest way to take the world, women and all, as we found it; for after all, if we have rats, fleas, and monks to plague mankind, we have farmers and schoolmasters for its nourishment and information.

"My dear Annetti, says I, had but one fault; all I have to fear is, that old Time should have physicked her out of it, and substituted half a dozen in its room. Let us try, but let us go warily about it. So I took the opportunity of our month's vacation, mounted my mule, and without fear of discovery, repaired to the scene of my youthful joys and sorrows. Every thing

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was changed. The convent razed to the ground. My house turned into the country seat of a Piedmontese nobleman, and the name of Benedict Arnaud, unknown. My wife had relations at St. Remi———”

“And so have you, Benedict,” says the landlady of the house, rushing into the room.

Benedict crossed himself.

“Old time, I suppose,” says she, “has physicked me out of your memory, Benedict; but I knew you the moment you entered the house. But I have learnt discretion as well as yourself, and better too perhaps; for though you have got learning, you don’t seem to have added much to your stock of wisdom, or else you would not have been so forward to have exposed your insignificance to strangers.”

This was a palpable hit. Poor Benedict shrugged up his shoulders, looked round upon us, and spoke not a word.

“I have heard your story, Benedict,” continues the good woman, “and to-morrow you shall hear mine, and God knows which of us is most to blame. I am sure I loved you as well as my own eyes, for all what I did with Father Paul, which was only for my soul’s sake, and out of no ill will to you.”

“Since that is the case, dear Annetti,” says the Preceptor, “let us forget and forgive. I will carry thee to Nibbiano——and———”

“No, there goes two words to that bargain, Benedict; I have been married as well as you, and am mistress of this inn, and thank God well to pass. And your daughter is well married at St. Remi, and has made you a grandfather; and here I will live and die, Benedict. If you will do the same, well and good———if

not, there's no help for it. We are past our childish days I hope. Gentlemen, shall I send in supper?"

"If you please, Ma'am."

"*Abi in malam rem, Pessine,*" says the schoolmaster, grinning at her as she left the room. "This smells confoundedly of my return to Nibbiano alone. Your opinion, Messieurs?"

"Your lady," says Sir George, "has still fine black eyes; and they seem to speak a language perfectly intelligible. If, for the last twenty years of your life, you had practised passive obedience on board a Turkish galley, it would have been a fine preparation; but you have unfortunately been in the habit of exercising unlimited authority as well as she. If you can divest yourself of royalty indeed, or use it only over such fellows as Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the great."——

"I, I," says the schoolmaster, "I submit to a female reign! I who have given a new edition of Statius! I who have enlightened a new race of men!"

"Even so, Benedict, for all your big words," says the Landlady, bringing in the first dish. "Nobody shall command here, but myself. If you chuse to enjoy yourself in ease, smoke your pipe, and be quiet——So——."

"*Otium cum dignitate, mi didasculæ,*" says Sir Ambrose, "embrace it by all means."

"*Lites, cum dedecore, opinor;*" returns the schoolmaster. "No——I will return to Nibbiano; I will live and die a master. Or stay——and assert my rights. Am I not your husband?"

"No, indeed, you are not, Benedict, without my leave; and you'll never get it by swelling yourself with pride and vanity, and speaking your

your words like a tragedy man. Its law here, when a man leaves his wife, and does not let her know he is alive for seven years, she may marry again if she will. I stayed eleven years, Benedict, and many a bitter bit of black bread have I eat wet with my tears. I got to be servant here, and the master took a liking to me, and offered to marry me. What could I do better? From the day of our marriage he never interfered with me one hour in the management of this house; but eat, and drank, and smoked his pipe, and died in peace. And if you have a mind to do the same, Benedict, do it and welcome."

The worthy schoolmaster soon perceived, that though a master of languages, he was much his wife's inferior in her mother tongue, and for the present, he gave up the point in dispute; only telling us, he would stay one week, just to make a catalogue of all his wife's good qualities, and then return to Nibbiano, to ponder his future destiny at leisure. As we set out early in the morning, we saw him no more; and this being all I have to say of the Glaciers of Savoy, I have just to inform you, we shall set out in two days for Italy. Dear Wyman, farewell,

HENRY OSMOND.

P. S. This vile detestable Lord Winterbottom! by heaven I will pursue him through the world. Sir Ambrose Archer has this day a letter from Miss Peggy Whitaker, that she fears this cursed Lord has got Annabella into his power by stratagem. She is supposed to be in the South of France. I cannot be particular. We are flying into Languedoc.

Sir

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Montpelier.

I Swear to thee, dear Harry, by the head of Petrarch, the most evangelical of lovers, that it is by no means necessary thou should'st die for Annabella ; because it will neither benefit her, thyself, the world, or any thing, or any body in it.

This apostrophe, dear Wyman, I addressed a few minutes since to Mr. Henry Osmond, who, in a fit of desolation, has betaken him to his bed, in order to torment himself—at his ease. For you must know, Sir, that the brisk and rapid motion of a chaise, *anglice* driven ; with the numerous objects that will present themselves to the eyes, if they are open ; if not, to the ears ; are unfriendly to the propagation of the gentle sorrows of love, which requires a mind disengaged, and at full liberty to hatch, and brood over *its own* plagues. So that Harry, from the very hour he shook hands with the good old parson of Sels, and stepped into the vehicle to Sir George and I, has been ill at ease, and perfectly unable to lie down in the lap of sorrow quietly for a single moment.

It must be owned that this did fret the young gentleman, and rendered his responses something adust, which means, I believe, of a dark brown colour. Sir George, who pleasantly pretends to a monopoly of these, did not relish the invasion of his property ; and as he is not over indulgent to human weakness, neither his own nor another's, and especially that which springs from love, he applied the satirical lash to this naked part of Harry, a little too mercilessly.

“ No!

"No! nothing in nature can be wiser than this expedition. Like the Amadis of old, thou art roaming the world in quest of a woman; and when thou hast found her, thou hast found a blister, which thy wisdom, if it is able, will render perpetual. Now in order that thy romance may make its due figure in the world, it is necessary that thou poppest upon thy Statira, at the instant she is going to be devoured by some giant. But is thy magician ready, Harry? otherwise, considering how many instants there are in duration, and how many yards of ground in France, of which she can only occupy one at a time, the odds are so prodigiously against thee, that I am in despair."

"It is out of pure kindness that you apply this caustic, Sir George," replies Harry; "to enure me to this blister before hand. But are all women adders, because you have been stung?"

"Serpents, Harry; some fascinate you with their gilded scales; some, like the basilisk, look you dead; some, like the viper, cling and sting; the best, like the harmless snake, only pester you with eternal hisses."

"Well, Sir George, I don't think you at all to be envied, that you have never acquired a taste for these hissing. I have, and am neither to be reasoned nor rallied out of it. Spare me therefore, dear Brother, and scarify Sir Ambrose here, who is as far gone as myself; only heaven has blessed him with the gift of unaudible sighing."

"Guilty, or not guilty, Archer?" says Sir George.

"Guilty of loving, but not, like Harry, *ad misericordiam*. There is a girl in the world, whose pretty kisses I confess I have a taste for, and whose kisses I would do much to obtain. That is to say,

say, I would ride a thousand leagues in a post-chaise; bully half a dozen lovers, or kill a giant; sigh now and then inwardly; or kiss her pattens behind a door; but as to losing my composure, my sleep, or my appetite——no. These are serious things, over which, whilst I can help it, no woman shall have dominion.”

“Well,” says Sir George, “this is a tolerable compromise; but after all, I believe my anti-system of loving no mortal alive but myself, was the best calculated for happiness. Whence arise all the fond complaints of violated love, and broken friendship, but from a frail dependence upon others?”

“Faith, Sir George, under certain limitations, the maxim of depending upon one’s self for happiness, is a good one; and as worthy a wise man as any stoical apothegm whatever.”

“I have but one objection,” says Harry, “that without this dependence on others, the devil a bit of this said happiness is to be got, great or small.”

“Thus,” says Sir George, “do people dispute. If the good priest of Sels was here, he would convince us in fifteen minutes that we were of the same opinion; and that the apparent disagreement arose from our having different ideas to our two leading words, happiness and dependence. But there is no hopes of settling the matter at the cursed rate we drive.”

“Zoons, brother,” says Harry, “we go like dormice.”

Sir George began to whistle. Then theatrically, “Methinks,” says he, “it were an easy leap, from Mont Blanc to Montpelier, if I could enjoy my Annabella there without a rival; but pox on this Lord Winterbottom.”

“Would

“ Would to heaven, brother, you had a little more feeling.”

“ Would to heaven, Harry,” replies Sir George, “ I had a little less, or these roads were a little smoother.”

We dined at Geneva. After which, Sir George said, “ Harry, you and I made an exchange of character this morning, now let us make a change of plan.”

“ Dear brother, are you angry ?”

“ At myself Harry, for having endeavoured unfeelingly to wound a mind too deeply wounded before. But to say truth I was not well and the motion was too much for me.”

“ How could I be so inattentive ! Forgive me, Sir George.”

“ Freely Harry ; and thou, me. And if ever any matter of discord should arise in future betwixt us, let us think of the parson of Sels, who, whether he acts, or speaks, or preaches, seems to have no other end in view but to make brothers of all mankind. Never yet did I see a man so imbued with the spirit of concord. I leave his vale with regret.”

It was impossible not to concur in an opinion so justly founded. Nay, we were so warmed with the remembrance of his virtues that we made a libation of three bottles at least, to his memory. We might have honoured it more by assuming his temperance ; but it is easier to praise than imitate.

And now for Sir George's plan “ Professor M——, of Milan I had formerly exchanged some letters about the possible and impossible roots of cubic equations, and concerning the best method of determining fluents from given fluxions ; and I cannot pardon myself,” says Sir George, “ the being so near him, and not embracing the opportunity

opportunity of talking with him on these, and an hundred other hobby-horsical matters of the same kind. You are in love, Gentlemen; concerning which, Euclid has given us not a single theorem. So when I attempted the science, you see what a piece of work I made of it. I shall only impede your pursuits. Suffer me then to go quietly into Italy, which I confess my heart is more set upon than upon Annabella's and Margaretta's. I will establish my head quarters at Milan, and will leave a servant there to forward your letters, in case I make long excursions, and shall be happy to join you again in any part of the globe, as soon as these blustry love storms are over.

"We began to express our unhappiness at the separation."

"I thought so," says Sir George; "half at least of this world's politeness is mere grimace, and a contention against the very things we wish. But I assure you, gentlemen, upon my honour, and by St. Patrick, as O'Donnel says, that you are pleased with the proposal; and how should it be otherwise?"

We were going to assure him earnestly on the contrary.—

"What a pleasant animal," says Sir George, "is a man of the world! ready to swear down poor truth forty fathom deep, to the bottom of her well, if she chance to shew her head above the surface, rather than fail in the least point of politeness. Well, gentlemen, since as you say my company is so extremely agreeable to you, only indulge me three days here at Geneva to talk with Mr. Euler, from Berlin, concerning the properties of nothing and infinity, and then I will bowl with you into Languedoc, thirty miles a day with all imaginable pleasure."

"Dear

BARHAM DOWN S.

"Dear Sir George," cries Harry, with a sort of sheepish air; "think of Annabella's distress."

"Think of the Asymptotes of the hyperbola, Harry; lines which draw nearer and nearer to other lines, and yet can never touch if you draw them to the end of the world. The lines which Annabella and thou art going to describe, may, for ought I know, be of the asymptotic gender. However, prithee wait with patience till M. Euler and I have settled this and a few other impossible truths, and then for Love."

"Well, Sir George," says Harry with a long sigh, "let it be as you please."

"Then I please to go into Italy," replies Sir George; "so thank heaven I have not taken the order of politeness; if I had, we might have plagued one another, with all possible civility and affection, for ought I know, a thousand German leagues."

We staid however with Sir George this evening, and set out the next morning for Lyons. We scarcely saw it. The plains of Languedoc, tho' in full vintage, were scampered over without a single dance with the sun-burnt daughters of labour. It was evident there was nothing in France worth seeing, but Montpellier, and nothing in Montpellier but Annabella. When we arrived, there was no Annabella to be seen. Three days we enquired at the baths, the public rooms, the walks, the assemblies; we obtained a list of arrivals; in short, we convinced ourselves that no such people were, or had been there. Osmond fell sick; I had the greatest desire in the world to be sick also, but it was against my principles. Long have I settled the point with myself, that grief is the worst of all possible medicaments for irremediable misfortunes; and whilst I live, I will

oppose the whole tribe of black ideas, with the cheerful family of white.

I have no doubt but Osmond will be well enough in two or three days to continue his search, and as Peggy's letter to me, said she had heard from her sister when in Paris, thither we shall proceed. Such is the police of that city, that no stranger can come in, or go out, without the knowledge of some of its officers, and as people pay the government a tax for every post they travel, they may be so much the more easily traced.

In the mean time, what can I do better than impart to you a portion of the rich fund of knowledge I have acquired by my travels? What if I give you a description of the glaciers of Savoy? [Carry you to the top of Montblanc? And tumble you into the valley of Chamouni? I shall cut a pitiful figure in it, after the agreeable Mr. Moore, and will therefore send this letter to the post, give Harry his febrifuge, and go to sleep.

Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Vienne.

DID you ever see a skein of scravelled silk? Without this you can have no idea of the inside of my unfortunate head, which has a tale to tell——that——Oh, for the powers of a German commentator! The subject is the gallant Captain Wycherly; my most worthy brother-in-law; which is a secret I could have informed you of ten days since; for in the same packet with Miss Peggy Whitaker's letter, came the following.

Dear

Dear brother,

You know that having my fortune in my own power, and being at years of discretion, I am not accountable to any one how I dispose of my person, which I have bestowed upon Captain Wycherley. To be sure the Captain's fortune is small, but his connections are great, and so is his love and honour; and as you, brother, did not seem to think of matrimony, it was more necessary I should; or else you know your estate would have gone to a distant branch. Perhaps you will be angry I did not consult you upon it, but the reason was, because you sided with Mr. Davis against the Captain, which was very extraordinary, seeing nobody knows nothing of him. The 3000l. in your hands the Captain designs shall lie at interest where it is, if so be you behave to him as a brother ought; and desires his love and respects.—So I remain your loving Sister,

Martha Wycherley.

P. S. We are going a tour upon the continent.

Having thus proved the honour of my relationship, you will not dispute my right to lament his untimely end, which happened the night before last, at the inn in which I now write, nor, as this is a world of wonders, will you think it very extraordinary if he should prove to have been some little acquaintance formerly of Mrs. Wymah's. But let us get into some method.

Osmond's indisposition terminated in a flow nervous fever, which was by no means diminished by his impatience. I could not prevail upon him to stay at Montpelier, and therefore deter-

mined to bring him to this town, and consign him to the care of O'Donnel whilst I went post to Paris. We found the honest Irishman under an arrest, and Wycherley dead in the inn.

There are in O'Donnel's regiment it seems, eight Irish officers, one of whom proving to be an old acquaintance of Wycherley's, he stopped at Vienne (where by the by he came alone) to have a night's enjoyment. That this might be truly Hibernian, Wycherley's friend invites the Irish officers only, and claret is ordered in not by single bottles, but by the hospitable Hibernian mode of dozens. These gentlemen in general are men of worth and honour, but as most men have some sins of youth to answer for, especially in the love way, these juvenile offences became the subject matter of conversation; and several stories were told not much indeed to the honour of the relaters, but as this was not the moral hour, they passed off tolerably well. One indeed would at any other time have drawn the tear of pity from their eyes, but was now received only with silent disapprobation.

"I was quartered at Amiens," says the relater, "and saw a pretty country girl, bring butter and eggs to my landlady every market day. I threw myself in her way, and played off a few gallantries; the poor fool seemed to be more frightened than pleased. She had two miles to walk home, I often contrived to join her, but it was at least two months before she would permit me to walk quietly by her side, and two more before she would accept of a present: After this I besieged her by storm, and she capitulated in about another month. Two things happened damned unlucky; I was under the care of a surgeon, and our route came for a march. I left my little girl

girl after a week's enjoyment, and never heard a word more of her, till I received a letter writ as she said with her own dying hand. The little fool did not know what ailed her, to never applied to a surgeon till past cure. Her friends disclaimed her, and she was sent to the hospital, where shame, anxiety, and the disease, put an end to her life in a little time. I was sorry, damned sorry; nay quite uneasy for half an hour; but what signified it? She was dead, and there was an end of the matter."

This was the tale of Captain Wycherley's friend, and it emboldened him to tell his own.

"Soon after I got my commission in England," says he, "I took coach for Holyhead, in order to see my friends. My companions were a brother officer and a Quaker who lived at Dublin. In Wales we took up one of the prettiest girls I ever set my eyes upon, poor thing, all in tears. I tried to make myself agreeable to her during two days we waited for a wind: All in vain: She kept aloof. I could only expect to take her by a *coup de main*. I sat up in my own room till all the house was asleep, then with a pair of pistols in my pocket for fear of accident, crept to her chamber door, and whispered through the key hole, that the house was on fire. But a whisper would not do, I was obliged to make a little more noise. At length I waked her, and the pretty fool jumps out of bed, throws on an under petticoat, and opens the door. I catches her in my arms, locks the door again, and carries her back to bed. I would have done the thing quietly, and with all the love in the world, but the little devil made such a kicking and screaming that I was obliged to clap my hand upon her mouth,

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mouth, and began to ravish her as well as I could. But the damned Quaker who lay in the next room burst open the door, and without any other light than that of the spirit, seized me as I was endeavouring to slip by him, and began bawling with all his might. So damme I was forced to discharge a pistol in at his back. Down dropt the Quaker, and away ran I. The packet sailed next morning and I got on board; and as it was a work of darkness, the devil a discovery was there."

This account was received with great marks of disgust.

"By Jafus," says O'Donnel, "and it was a work of darkness, and a damned cowardly work too;——to ravish an innocent girl, and to shoot a man in the back in the dark. Oh, for the honour of Ireland, never tell this story again my dear."

"Do you call me a coward?" says Wycherley.

"Faith, and I do," replies O'Donnel, "and you will not be after denying it neither. Shoot a man in the back in the dark!"

"Then, by G——d I will convince you of the contrary. Go with me into the next room."

"Not at all honey," says O'Donnel, "especially without candles."

"Damme Sir if any man shall affront me with impunity; I insist upon satisfaction."

"Well my dear, stay till the rising of the sun that we may have fair truth, and open day-light. In two hours ride, we may be on the borders of Savoy; and there I can kill you safely, and get back quietly to dinner. And by my soul, I
will

will do it with all the good will in the world for the honour of Ireland."

Wycherley swore he would not delay his satisfaction a minute for all the blood royal of France.

"And where's the hurry, my dear," says O'Donnel; "Go to bed Wycherley; and say your prayers; you will fight the better."

Wycherley got up, threw a glass of wine in O'Donnel's face; called him a coward and drew.

O'Donnel rose, and drew also. The officers got up in a hurry; some chairs were thrown down. Wycherley stumbled over one of them in making a lunge at O'Donnel; ran his sword into O'Donnel's thigh, and at the same instant received O'Donnel's in his belly. A surgeon was sent for who pronounced him dead in an hour. He did not live half one.

By the *droit d'aubane*, the effects of foreigners who die in France upon travel, are the King's. Wycherley's whole effects lay in his portmanteau, which was seized by the civil magistrate, and sealed up, till after the interment, when it is to be opened in form. I am very desirous to see the contents, partly on my sister's account, and partly as some of them may possibly direct us to Lord Winterbottom's residence, who, we fear, has trepanned Annabella into his own possession. For this purpose I have been with the Count du Pleix, Colonel of the regiment here, and made known to him my situation, and desire, with regard to the deceased. He has promised me every thing. I interceded for O'Donnel. The Count politely told me there was no occasion; A Court-martial would be held over him

him for form's sake only. He was already acquitted.

Our Osmond is better; this affair has given an impulse to his languid spirits; he is now writing to Sir George. In the mean time I have a strange request to make you. Poor Peggy Whitaker must be half-distracted, and without a soul to comfort her. Will you take Mrs. Wyman and Miss Singleton to Barham Downs, and accustom my house to a little decent hospitality. I write my housekeeper to prepare for your reception.—And I don't write to Miss Peggy, in order that this account may be your introduction. Two things embolden me to this request. It is vacation time, and—I know you.

Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Vienne.

HAVING got poor Wycherley buried as decently as a Heretic could be, we proceeded to the opening of the portmanteau; but as the King of France has cloaths enough, nothing was found to reward him for a law so courteous, except a couple of diamond rings, once Miss Archer's, and which we suppose she gave the Captain as testimonies of her tender regard. All the rest of the contents being letters and private papers were given up to Sir Ambrose as the brother of the deceased's wife, without hesitation, one paper excepted. This was a letter of credit upon a banking house at Genoa for any sum less than 2000*l.* and is, as Sir Ambrose thinks, the sale of Miss Archer's stock in the funds which he conceived to be about 2400*l.*

A little

A little debate however convinced the magistrate and the Count du Pleix, that the grand Monarque could not claim this money, or get it paid if he did.

This business over, we returned to our inn, to read the contents of our packet. Amongst other curious matters they consisted of love letters from Miss Archer, warranted originals, and a considerable number from Lord Winterbottom. The last I shall transcribe in the order they were wrote, for two reasons; first because they contain a true image of this nobleman's mighty mind; and secondly, because they are the only things to our purpose.

LETTER I.

Lord Winterbottom to Captain Wycherley.

Dear Captain,

I was sent for in so great haste to attend privy council, I forgot to shew you the inclosed insolent billet from Davis. I send a servant back with it from the first stage. I am sorry I could not stay to chastise the scoundrel. Upon second thoughts I am not neither; for though I wish him correction, it would be beneath my rank and dignity to give it in my own person.

Adieu. Your friend,

Winterbottom.

Letters II, III, IV, omit—being only condolences and execrations.

LETTER V.

Dear Captain,

I am glad to hear you begin to think seriously
of

of getting well, after which we must begin to think seriously of our revenges. Shall a man of my rank, my fortune, my influence, sit down calmly, and pocket affronts from two such fellows as Archer and Davis? The first, a man of no consideration in life, the second, a broken tradesman? What point have I ever wanted to carry in the county, but Archer's hand has been always against me? And in the most important of all my private concerns, to find my course obstructed by so contemptible an object as Davis! You believe you shall carry Archer's sister? This will be agreeable enough on the score of revenge, because he hates you: It will be well enough too in point of money. Otherwise damn the alliance.

Your friend,

Winterbottom.

LETTER VI.

Dear Captain,

And so, you can marry that stale piece of virginity to-morrow? A man determined to hang himself, and desirous to give his friends a decent plea to exculpate him, could not do better. Thank heaven, the present modes of life require not a halter to get rid of such an incumbrance. I can furnish you with a much better plan. To tell you a secret, Wycherley, I am disgusted with the court. Due regard is not paid to merit. I have a post in the household, below my rank and dignity to accept, but as a step in the ladder of preferment. In a late arrangement, I have been overlooked. This calls for resentment. Such a man as I ought not to put up with slights and negligences. Damn the dice too! but that's a trifle to a man of my fortune. Great as it is, however,
a wife

a wife man would not chuse to diminish it. Signora Mantorina too wishes to spend a few years in her native country. That woman, Wycherley, has most astonishing powers of pleasing! And to say truth of plaguing also. I have been so long habituated to both that I cannot resolve to live without her. You shall accompany us to Italy — Elope! Hah Wycherley?

Winterbottom.

LETTER VII.

No! curse me, Wycherley, if I forgive or forget it! Lord H—— you know has resigned. I asked for his place, and was refused. I threw up my own immediately. Damn the ingratitude of courts! A man of my consequence! I will be in Italy in a fortnight. Prepare.

Winterbottom.

LETTER VIII.

Dear Captain,

Put off your marriage a little while. You will oblige me in it. An occurrence has happened which may change my plan a little. It may also — But I have not yet matured the matter. A man of my abilities forms his plan compleat, before he imparts the design of it to any one. You shall hear from me again in two days.

Winterbottom.

LETTER IX.

Vanity is the foible of little minds. Great souls are always above it. You know me, Wycherley, I need say no more. I saw Miss Whitaker

ker at the opera. It surprized me greatly. And in whose company was she, do you think? Faith in no other, than in the late Polly Harris's, my tutor's daughter; a pretty, sweet, smiling, flexible, insipid, water-gruel girl, whom I took it into my head I liked when I was little better than a school-boy. I married her lately to young Parson Delane, and paid her portion in promises. Not quite neither. I got the fellow a curacy about 25 miles from London, where he goes every Saturday night. Now and then I condescend to keep up my acquaintance with Polly. It forms a pretty Sunday's amusement. I have promised Delane the living at Wilton. It is 300 a year; the incumbent old. In the mean time I have set the puppy, who fancies he has parts, to write some foolish things in favour of government, I praise these to the minister who can't a while to read them, and get him an order upon the treasury now and then for a hundred. So the fellow is absolutely at my devotion. Well, Sir, to return to Miss Whitaker. The girl seemed pretty and inviting; I never thought her more so. I slept into her box, and said a few silly things to her. A thought struck me. Did not seem to have the least acquaintance with Mrs. Delane. Next day waited upon Miss Whitaker at an old Mrs. Shirley's, a mighty good woman, who blesses herself that she was young when the world was not so wicked.

The devil, you know, never gets entrance into such houses but in the figure of a saint. I put on an air of goodness, talked religion with the old lady, and sentiment with the young. Lamented my hard fate, not to be able to please the only woman who had ever pleased me. Begged leave to hope; offered her my chariot for her use in town, and took leave. Pretty well for a beginning.

ning. And yet, to say truth, her whole behaviour manifested a disgust which will not be easily conquered. This is damned odd, Wycherley, a man of my address, figure, and consequence in life! What the devil can the girl have in her head! Oh, Osmond——Damn him!——The next day was the sabbath; I sanctified it with Polly. I had already formed the whole of my plan with regard to Miss Whitaker. The principal outline is to get her abroad. Delane shall pretend a commission to Paris; and a disorder that invites him to Montpellier. His wife shall go with him. Miss Whitaker looks thin, in consequence of her late *brule* with Papa. The Delanes are to make her believe she is consumptive. This letter is a cursed long one. I am tired to death. I will open myself further in my next. In the meantime, seal the inclosed and carry it to that old fool Whitaker. Ingratiate yourself with him. Improve upon the hint of the Lord. Excite his ambition. But not a word of his daughter going abroad at present——You understand me. Adieu.
Winterbottom.

L E T T E R X.

Next to the man who is capable of contriving a consummate plot, is the man who comprehends it by a few hints, without the detail. This is your praise, Wycherley. And faith you have managed the weighty matter of the peerage to a nicety: what a damned old fool! You are right in engaging him to keep every thing secret from Peggy. She is what you call a smoky damsel; cursed keen withal; I made love to her once; damn her! she treated me like a shoe black.

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We

We sail before the wind, Captain, here. The girl begins to believe she is consumptive, and wishes to try the pure air of Montpelier. The old fellow will have a request in form. He will deny for my sake. At a proper time I will write to enforce the request. Till then, you are mum upon the subject. The girl has been at a masquerade. I contrived to set a couple of bucks upon her. They terrified her to death. I came gallantly in to her relief. Every thing I do, has now the pure air of disinterestedness. I am silent upon love. I am.—Damme if I don't think myself as great as Machiavel—and yet you see our stupid ministry have neither talents themselves nor penetration to discover them in others. Delane shall attack them when he returns. The fellow puts his words together latinically enough. I will furnish him with matter; and teach him to turn a period now and then in Junius's manner. Damn them! they shall be cut up. Adieu,

Winterbottom.

LETTER XI.

This post I have wrote to old Whitaker. I commend Lisbon. You, Montpelier. His consent will follow of course. After which they will be off in two days. There remains but one thing more. Bring this to bear, Wycherley, you shall have a couple of thousands on demand. I give my honour for it. Make a bargain with the old fool. I obtain a peerage. He gives me Annabella and 40,000l. If Annabella breaks the measure, he gives me 20,000l. I send you the form of the agreement. A master-piece I think. Brevity is the soul of wit—and of dignity also. Adieu.

Winterbottom.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

The travellers are gone. The Signora went a month since. She has taken a neat snug little house within three Italian miles of Milan. There I shall live a year or two under the name of the Chevalier Morrington. There my little Annabella will be carried. There she will be married too, or her chastity will be in danger. I wait to hear from you respecting the bargain, and then bid adieu to this foggy island, and its stupid court.

Farewell.

Winterbottom.

LETTER XIII.

And so, the old fellow was peery about the bargain, was he? He did not like the form? Since that was the case, it was right to change it; and to get something as near it as might be. I can't help laughing how you must have posed the old fool with what you call your dilemma. "If it succeeds, your daughter will be happy, and a Lady. If it does not, she will be properly punished for disobedience; and at any rate, you will be a Lord." Well Sir, though the instrument would do me no good with the Chancellor, it may serve to intimidate the girl. Now marry, Wycherley, as soon as you can. Cherish your lovely spouse till you have got all her ready. Bring her into France for the recreation of her body, and clap her into a convent for the good of her soul. Join us as soon as you can. I am off to-morrow.

Farewell.

Winterbottom.

And now, dear Wyman, having given you these elaborate epistles, I leave you to your comments. We are flying to Milan upon the wings of loudiores. Thine,

HENRY OSMOND.

MISS WHITAKER TO MISS PEGGY WHITAKER.

Fontainebleau.

YOU will allow, my dear Peggy, that I have admirable talents for a traveller, when I tell you that the highest pleasure I have had in France, the finest kingdom in Europe, has been in thinking of you, and one or two more persons who are out of it: And that even at the town of Fontainebleau, more celebrated than Richmond, I have intreated my two conductors to dispense with my company in a walk, whilst I retire to talk with my dear Peggy by my pen. This is a source of real pleasure, a luxury I shall indulge as often as I can; and that I may not bewilder too weak a head for want of method, I will become a Journalist; though it is possible some of my days may be weeks.

The reverend Mr. Delane, having executed his commission, as he informed us, entirely to his own satisfaction, and the emolument of his country, proposed to us, agreeable to the rest of his economy, to take the coach to Lyons. Indeed, by the whole of his travelling conduct, you would take him for a carrier, who had agreed to lay us down at Montpellier, at so much a head. The controversy on this important subject rose almost to a quarrel; I finished it by desiring they would be pleased to take their own methods of travelling, and I would take mine. I will hire, says I, a maid servant to go with me, and will join you at Montpellier at my leisure. You cannot conceive,

ceive, Peggy, the effect of this simple proposition; they were mute in an instant; gave up the point; and ever since have been so complaisant, so fawning, that they almost make me sick. Then the gentleman is so learned, and so antient in his remarks, and the lady so puerile in her's, that though I speak French very ill, and understand it, by the ear, not very well, I had rather talk with landladies and chambermaids.

Thus, my dear Peggy, you see I have come to Fontainebleau to talk only of myself, which to be sure is using Fontainebleau very ill. The house, I think, is not quite so big as St. Paul's, which is a pity; for as I suppose his Majesty is quite as great as his great predecessor Pantagruel, I don't see how he can eat, drink, or sleep in a less. But the forest is without end I think; and the gardens are vastly pretty, and so Mrs. Delane says, every thing is in France.

"What is Fontainebleau," says the learned and emphatic Mr. Delane; "what is Versailles, what is the Escorial, or any modern palace in Europe, compared with that magnificent, that noble structure, that *chef d'oeuvre* of architecture, the palace of Dioclesian in Dalmatia. The ichnography, the profile, and elevation of that immense mass would astonish you, and make you look down upon these nothing:—as I do."

"Oh, but the Menagerie of Fontainebleau is monstrous pretty!"

"The Menagerie! rats and mice, compared with the Menagerie of Dioclesian. Lions, Leopards, Pards, Ounces, Unicorns, Elephants, Rhinoceroses—Serpents of five hundred species—"

"Oh dear! Mr. Delane, why this place must have been as big as Noah's ark to be sure. Well then, since there is nothing in this world worth

seeing, let us get to Nemours as fast as we can."

As the civility and complaisance of my companions have been lately upon the extreme, my journal has lain still from Fontainebleau to Lyons. We stopped to look at nothing on our road except the canal of Briare, which compared with Roman aqueducts, I find, is not worth a straw. Unlettered moderns speak highly of it indeed, but it is because they don't understand latin. We dined at Nevers. "Nevers in the time of the Romans might have been worth dining at; now, it is merely an aggregation of brick and timber"

"But there are men and women in it, Mr. Delane."

"Yes Miss, and cats and dogs; but what a frivolous contemptible race of beings compared with Greeks and Romans!"

Lyons—Lugdunum—Yes Lugdunum has still something worth looking at—in the cellars; vestiges of Roman pavements; thick walls with niches where the gods did dwell; and if they have occasion to dig a well, ten to one they find a Roman picklepot. So we stay at Lyons two days for the sake of what it was some two thousand years since; which, as Mr. Delane says, is to make the best possible use of travelling.

Turin.

Are you enough of a geographer, Peggy, to know that Turin lies directly in the road from Lyons to Montpellier? Directly. It is true we have passed the Alps instead of the plains of Languedoc, and are got somehow or other into the King of Sardinia's capital. I do not pretend to account for this, Peggy, entirely to your satisfaction, but I will tell you all I know about it.

Young

Young travellers are fond of looking at maps of their own rout; I had done it wherever I had found a map of France. When we arrived at Grenoble, I said, I did not remember that this town lay in our way. Mr. Delane answered, there were several roads. We came to Briançon, a town amongst hills, almost at the foot of the Alps; and, as our landlord informed me, the direct road across Piedmont, to Italy. I begged of Mr. Delane to explain this extraordinary occurrence. With infinite submission he begged my pardon. It was an innocent deceit calculated not to lose the company of a lady whom they so highly revered and esteemed. He then gave me a letter to read from Doctor C——, at Edinburgh (the greatest man Miss in the physical line now existing) to whom he had wrote his case, and directed the answer to Paris. Doctor C—— informed him that his case was evidently pulmonic (I think I quote right) and that in all beginning diseases of Phthisis (I doubt I have an h too many) Montpellier yielded in every respect, Oh, beyond all comparison——to Como in the Milanese. Now your complaint, Miss, is a beginning Phthisis, and I am sure you are too sensible and good-natured, and candid and generous, not to pardon the little deception, which has your own good for its object, as well as mine.

“And why, Mr. Delane, should you suppose I could not be as sensible and candid at Paris, as at Briançon? Where was the necessity for deceit at all?”

“You were so often talking of the length of the journey, and wishing yourself back, Miss; and Como is so much farther than Montpellier, that I durst not propose it.”

“What unnecessary meannesses!”

“Meannesses,

"Meanness, Miss! pardon me—the word is wholly inapplicable to the motive."

"Deceit, Sir, is always meanness."

"But the motive, Miss?"

"I am scarce confident that I know it, Sir."

"Good God, Miss! what possible motive under heaven could I have, but that which I have mentioned? However, since you are pleased to take the matter in this light, I will conduct you to Montpelier, Miss, though I fear the consequence will be, that I shall be forced to stay at Como all winter; whereas I intended to be in England before Christmas."

This concession half disarmed me, and Mrs. Delane by being so excessively sorry, so infinitely distressed, and "Mr. Delane, you know, I advised you to tell Miss of it at Paris," put an end to the remains of my anger. So after a thousand protestations of everlasting friendship, and everlasting gratitude, I held out the olive branch and signed the peace.

Peace however is not that familiar friend of my bosom it used to be. I am uneasy without being able to assign a cause, unless this awful distance from one's native home, this separation from all one loves. Expect no more travelling remarks. I will not dispatch this till I arrive at the end of my journey, why should I give my sister a fruitless uneasiness? I hope in a few days to finish it with more tranquility.

* * * * *

Tranquility! Oh Peggy! Tranquility I fear is fled for ever. Into what a situation am I betrayed!

* * * * *

I am easier, Peggy. Of him, who alone has power to pardon offences, I have asked forgiveness;

ness; I have asked confidence, and I have obtained it. I will bear my afflictions with patience, and if I can with cheerfulness. Time may end them. Death at least certainly will.

* * * * *

Oh, my Peggy! how much a proper train of reflections fortifies the mind. What evils may not be borne, when the soul has virtue and integrity for its support! Resolved upon the plan of conduct which these inspire, I feel myself serene. Let me lead you to the present hour.

I am now at——I don't know where. Last night, almost at dusk, we drove through Milan, and half an hour after arrived at this house. I could perceive we had left the great road and drove down an avenue. "Can it be to an inn we are now going, Mr. Delane?"

"To a most retired one, and frequented on that account by none but the best company."

"Oh, Peggy! how easy it is for some people to lie! how difficult to others! We were received by a decent looking elderly woman, with little of the landlady in her aspect; but she spoke only Italian, which I cannot speak at all. She gave us an elegant little supper, and conducted me to bed. No noise disturbed me in the night, no racket in the morning. I rose later than usual. I found my way to the parlour in which we had supped; the first person who struck my eye, was Lord Winterbottom. A strange confusion of thought seized me. I grew giddy, and sunk upon the floor. When I opened my eyes Mrs. Delane was applying salts, Lord Winterbottom and Mr. Delane standing by. I shrunk with horror
at

at the sight of both the objects, and indeed trembled most pitiaibly. My Lord began his part of the drama. He poured out protestations of love and honour with a vast profusion; intreated that I would lay aside all kind of apprehension, and condescend to grant him an audience for one quarter of an hour, and it would appear clearly to a lady of my very great good sense, that the thought of doing me the least imaginary injury was a stranger to his breast, and he clapt his hand upon it, Peggy, just as the Lords of Drury-lane do upon similar solemn occasions. But before we could settle ourselves for the audience, John White, my Lord's footman, entered with breakfast. Then there was, pray Miss, let me intreat you Miss, so I swallowed two dishes of chocolate to avoid being teized. And now came on the audience.

"I had once, Miss," began my Lord with great dignity, "the vanity to think, that my rank and my fortune, not debased by a contemptible understanding, or deformity of person (there is a remarkable consent of parts, Peggy, betwixt my Lord's body and his mind, if one may judge by the complacent look he gave a chrystal mirror, and by the noble perpendicularity he assumed at the word deformity) would have entitiled me to have made proposals to the first ladies of England, and that I should seldom have run the risque of a refusal. I confess it has hurt my pride that this refusal should proceed from (pardon me Miss Whitaker) a lady of infinite merit, I acknowledge, but by no means entitiled to match amongst the nobility, either from birth, or brilliancy of situation. I presume to say, Miss, that neither your fortune, your rank, nor your consequence, would have suffered by the union.

The

The world would have applauded you, Miss, and I must have essayed some of its ridicule, merely because mankind cannot judge of merit in obscurity. As all external advantages ran in your favour, to what could I possibly impute a refusal so strange, so unaccountable, but to a predilection for another. But the object, Miss, was unworthy of you. However, as it was equally beneath my dignity, and my own sense of happiness, to persist in engaging your affections, when they were so unaccountably disposed of, still wishing you all possible felicity, and with a heart still devotedly yours, I gave up the point. What followed betwixt Captain Wychesley and Mr. Davis, Osmond (with a sneer) you well know. You know with what baseness the latter."——

"Baseness, my Lord!"

"I beg, Miss Whitaker——Alas! the very nature of the interruption shews me what I have to fear."

"Please to proceed, my Lord."

"My friend the Captain, I say, had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to unmanly advantages."——

"To his own baseness and brutality, my Lord."

"Upon honour, Miss——I did not expect——I know not in what kind of terms I must put what I am going to say, so as to avoid giving offence."——

"In terms of truth, my Lord."

"Upon my word, Miss Whitaker, this is deviating from your usual politeness, but is an unhappy proof of the truth of my conjecture touching the disposal of your heart."

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If that circumstance is clear to your Lordship, your own honour and dignity, of which your Lordship seems to have calculated the exact value, should point out to you to despise, not to persecute me."

"Pardon me, Miss; you were formed not to be despised, but adored. Of the truth of this I was convinced when I saw you at the Opera. Love, smothered under the ashes of disdain, then sparkled again into a blaze. You appeared a dazzling star whose radiance

"Take care, my Lord, how you come down."

"This is so extremely mortifying Miss—Upon my soul, I don't know what kind of words are adapted to your taste."

"I am fond of humble prose, my Lord."

"Prose—the Devil! When will beauty cease to be capricious! Permit me Miss to proceed."

"The mean and infamous arts used to asperse my character by Sir Ambrose Archer.—I see your reproving eye, Miss; but it is hard I must not speak my sentiments of people who injure me, because they call themselves falsely your friends."

"I believe, my Lord, it is a hardship imposed by the common politeness of mankind; but since your lordship's taste renders it so difficult to you to conform to the law, bestow your epithets upon my friends as liberally as you please; allow me only to give them the degree of credit, I please."

My Lord bowed.

"Sir Ambrose, Miss, represented to your father, that I was a debauchee, a gamester, and undone."

undo. No, Miss; my fortune is unimpaired, my character unimpeached, my credit high both at court and in the world at large. I might have bore what offices I pleased. But though I owed a duty to the state, I owed something to my own happiness. I applied again to your father. He approved my application. He became convinced I had been injured. Unable to support life with any tolerable comfort without you, What will not Man do for happiness! I formed a little plot; Mr. and Mrs. Delane, pardon them Miss, my coadjutors; I will not say Miss Whitaker, that I had your father's sanction for every particular step, but I hope this letter, I have now the honour to present you, will be proof that I had his general approbation. I know not the contents, but don't doubt they are favourable to my suit. Oh, if you would lend an auspicious ear, what happiness would you not confer! As to terms, Miss Whitaker, I offer you *Carte Blanche*; and I engage to secure your felicity by the most respectful attention to your inclination in every particular of life."

I was going to reply: My Lord said, he would expect his fate from my good sense, and cool reflection, and with a very low bow, retired.

Mr. and Mrs. Delane, with much confusion of countenance, now began their own apology; but, as my Lord says, my rank and dignity, or some other evil spirit within, would not suffer me to hear. I retired to my apartment.

My father's letter, wrote with his own hand, and sealed with his own seal, was as follows.

Daughter Annabella,

I find that my good Lord Winterbottom has been cruelly aspersed; Sir Ambrose is very much to blame. My Lord is a man of honour, and the best friend our family ever had. Only think, Anny, what it is to be a Lady, and to have your husband Comptroller of the household, or some other high post, perhaps secretary of state. Dear Anny, do, oblige me now. I will give you 40,000*l.* let Peggy take it as she will. You can't think how happy you will make me. If you won't, Annabella, you can't expect that I shall reward disobedience. I am sure I think 10,000*l.* enough and too much for a child that sets her own will against her father's. So you know what you have to trust to.

Your loving father, if you deserve it,
James Whitaker.

Yes, Peggy; I did drop a few tears for a father's weakness; and not a few for his unkindness. Yet, good old man! he means to promote my interest:——Though grieved I cannot be angry. By a two hours solitude in my own apartment, I have reflected myself into serenity. I am prepared to meet the smiles or frowns of fate, and my good Lord Winterbottom, with an equal mind. A few hours, dear Peggy, Adieu.

* * * * *

Adjoining my apartment is a small closet having two most beautiful prospects; the east, over a fertile valley terminated by the view of Milan; the north, over a rich plain abounding with corn fields

fields and flocks. The closet is a treasure. A considerable number of English, French, and Italian books; an harpsichord; a great deal of music; a large bureau with drawing utensils; several suits of linen, and a little world of gewgaw female trinkets. How odious these attentions from a man one cannot love!

* * * * *

Mrs. Delane presented herself an hour since at my room door; asking if I would permit her to shew me the house and garden. I had already settled it with myself to treat her in future with cool civility, as nothing can be more disagreeable than jars, or a sullen silence with a person you are obliged often to see. I complied therefore with her request, and went into the garden. In spite of my repeated desire that she would say no more about it, she teased me to death with a long unmeaning apology, the sum and substance whereof was, that Mr. Delane and she had not complied with my Lord's humour out of any manner of wickedness, but out of pure dependance; and to be sure as my Lord designed to make me his true and honourable wife, there could be no wickedness in it at all. To be sure there was no accounting for taste, but for her part, she thought my Lord the finest gentleman she knew——so sensible——so genteel——so——

“The only condition on which I can be upon tolerable terms with you here, Mrs. Delane, is that you never say a word more upon this subject.”

“It was hard,” she said, “not to be allowed to praise a man she was so much obliged to.”

"Not so hard as for me to be obliged to hear his praises, Mrs. Delane."

"No indeed? why what could so generous a gentleman possibly have done?"

"Mrs. Delane, good morrow; since this is to be the subject, walking will not be agreeable. I turned to go out of the garden. She begged my pardon, and promised to be silent."

This garden is a perfect Elysium. Open and covered walks cross each other in so many directions, that it is almost a labyrinth. The covered walks terminate in grots and arbours, the most perfect solitudes I ever saw. One of the grots is covered on the top, the bottom, and sides, with mirrors; and this grot has more light than the others. Another is adorned with paintings; principally naked Venuses; a Daphne and Apollo, also naked. What a whim, dear Peggy, is this! These grots are furnished with couches, and were, I suppose, intended for sleeping places in the most sultry hours of the day. And yet, why mirrors and naked pictures should be considered as incitements to sleep, I am unable to conceive.

The boundary of this garden is quite whimsical. It is every where a high wall, but where the principal walks terminate, it is sunk in an excessive deep ha ha; the top of it forming a curve. It seems quite impenetrable.

As to the house it is neither large nor elegant. Many of the windows are oiled paper. The area before the front is confined. There is a public foot path to Milan, parallel to the front of the house, and not above twenty yards distant. The area is separated from this road by iron rails, and at the entrance is a little lodge, seemingly new built, and kept by a porter. Much
of

of the wall is new also. I am certainly a prisoner, dear Peggy ; and I am as certain also, that was I to send this packet to the post, it would not travel a step at present beyond my Lord's bureau.

About four in the afternoon dinner was served up in the English manner to the same *partie quarree* as breakfast. John White only waited. One part of my self-debate in the morning was whether I should not refuse all communication with my Lord, or his infamous coadjutors, and obstinately remain fixed in my apartment. But had I not reason to fear that the master of the house would seek me in it? Besides, the TRIUMPH OF TEMPER is the most glorious triumph for our feeble sex ; and I determined to contend for the palm. After dinner my Lord led the conversation into the rambling way, where every one speaks, and says nothing. Instead of going into the subject of the morning, he seemed desirous to avoid it. I was determined to bring it on. "I am indebted," says I, "to your Lordship an answer to what you did me the honour to say to me in the morning. My Lord, who is the ape of politeness, kissed his hand, and bowed, and "Oh, may that answer be propitious to my wishes! or else, dear Miss, defer the payment." "By no means, my Lord. The beginning of your Lordship's fine harangue, was a very just comparison betwixt your Lordship's rank and dignity, and my obscurity: The direct conclusion of which, as I apprehend it, was, that I was not a fit wife for your Lordship in the world's estimation; but that your Lordship would graciously condescend to overlook the difference, and raise me from NOTHING, to EXISTENCE.

"I allow the justness of your Lordship's reasoning, but what I humbly conceive to be a hardship, is, that your Lordship, from what cause I

know not, choosing to break a regulation of society of which you appear to think so highly, should assume a right to punish me only for being desirous to keep it. The possessing a quiet unambitious mind, was, I should think, no such great offence, that I should be trepanned for it into a foreign country, far from the enjoyment of all the rights of consanguinity, far from the support of every person I can call a friend. But your Lordship chooses to call this strange effect of an unknown cause, by the specious name of love. Your Lordship understands SELF LOVE I suppose, for love of another, and a wish to persecute that other, can hardly be compatible desires. But your Lordship has my father's sanction. How obtained is best known to your Lordship. I only know that my father was uniformly kind till you made him otherwise, and that the love which persecutes its object, and turns a father's heart against his child, is not of the most inviting kind.

"Your Lordship indeed has been ingenuous enough to own, indirectly at least, Self-love to be your first spring of action: "To promote your own happiness, you formed a little plot." It was a little plot. How far it is to be carried, and what end you propose it to answer, I wish to hear from your Lordship's own mouth."

"Upon my honour, Miss," replied my Lord, his theatrical hand spread upon his breast, "there is a severity in your animadversions which I should be very unhappy to think, I deserved. I must use a few of your own elegant words: It was, I should think, no such great offence to consult one's own happiness; nor any very preposterous idea, I should hope, to suppose I could make a lady happy in marriage."

"True,

"True, my Lord; as to the lady's own judgment of what would constitute her happiness, that, I imagine, is of little consequence. But as to the plot, my Lord?"

"The sole end and intention of it, is, to put myself into a situation of overcoming your repugnance, by all possible assiduity and attention. At London, at Barham Downs, you would not permit me the exercise of that attention: A month's residence here, I hope, will render you more auspicious."

"And does your Lordship flatter yourself that a free mind can forget the extraordinary means of bringing about this event? Is the occupation of a gaoler so amiable?"

"A gaoler, Mills? There is nothing in this house, nor out of it within my power, but you may command."

"My liberty, my Lord."

"Will the tour of Italy be agreeable to you? I am known at Florence, Rome, Venice, Naples, and Genoa; every where I can procure you the best company, and the most elegant pleasures."

"I thank your Lordship; this would indeed be making me the active minister of my own dishonour; the completion of all your insidious snares to force me to become your wife. My Lord, you have already done enough. It cannot but be known that I have been an inhabitant with your Lordship. Few will know that I have been an unwilling inhabitant, and your Lordship will take care that the number of these shall be the smallest possible. Appearances will mark me so strongly with infamy that no honourable man can think of making me his wife. Already you have laid me under the necessity of sequestering myself from society. I have the unhappy choice of two evils before

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before me : To live secluded and lose the world's esteem ; or to marry your Lordship, and lose my own. I embrace the first, as the lesser evil. All therefore I have now to request of your Lordship is to suffer me to leave this house ; explore my way to England as well as I am able ; and hide myself, to hide my innocent shame."

The subject affected me, Peggy ; I ended it with tears. Had they moved his Lordship to any shew of sensibility, I might have had some hopes. They produced only further proofs of the importance of this great man to himself. If the injuries I complained of, really existed any where but in my own animated imagination, he must still be of opinion the offer of his hand was an honourable reparation. As, unfortunately for him, and possibly for myself too, I was at that instant under another opinion, he made it his request in the most submissive manner, that I would indulge him with a single month, that he might try the effect of the most tender assiduity Love ever gave birth to ; if then I continued unchanged, he would take care of my safe conduct to England, and give up his hopes of happiness for ever.

I answered, that " for reasons I had mentioned before, I could not comply with that request."

" Then," says he, " I must add to my other enormities that of keeping you the most beloved and honoured prisoner in the world for that short space ; and as the crime is venial in the court of love, I hope it will not be altogether unpardonable in the court of honour."

My dear Peggy, the uneasiness you will feel at not hearing from me, adds to my inquietude. But the evil is without remedy. Awhile adieu.

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Third day. One piece of impoliteness in my Lord is something remarkable. He has never offered me a maid. Mrs. Delane indeed has tendered her services, confident I don't doubt, they would be rejected. You and I, Peggy, have often blamed my father's parsimony in this particular; what an unfashionable appearance! two young ladies of our fortune, our rank and dignity, as my Lord says, obliged to stoop to buckle our own shoes. If it had been judgment instead of parsimony, Peggy, would it not have been excellent? And how do we know that this, and our whole mode of bringing up, might not proceed from judgment? As much as I can remember of our dear Mother, the domestic life, and the life of œconomy, were her taste. Be the cause what it will, I am truly thankful for the effect. When I contemplate the lives of our Misses of Quality and fortune, I feel myself so comfortable!

I have not been honoured this day with the least notice from my Lord as a Lover. Indeed I saw him only an hour at dinner. I have walked in the garden; read an Italian and French newspaper, both printed at Milan; said nothing for fifteen minutes with Mrs. Delane; and spent the rest of my time in recovering my Italian, in the little closet.

Fourth day. You have read many long bills of our ingenious grocer Mr. Hill, and admired the use and force of that excellent word ditto. It seems appropriated to the purposes of commerce, but might I think be used to much advantage sometimes, even by authors themselves. As a Journalist, I can say with the greatest propriety,

Fifth day, ditto.

Sixth day, ditto.

Seventh day, ditto.

I cannot

I cannot imagine, my dear Peggy, of what colour or complexion are to be my Lord's afflictions in this experimental month. Would you not have supposed he might mean to procure me a few of those pretty things, the world calls pleasures? Concerts for example? It would be hard to come to Italy, and not have one taste of its Capriccios. But this is inconsistent with my Lord's plan, which is perfectly rural. Well then, a little *fete de champagne*. No——that would break in upon our retirement. Courtship at least I might expect. Even that amusement is withheld. What can the man mean?

"There is an exhibition of capital paintings," says my Lord, "on the fifth of next month at Rome. But that I have such dearer interests to attend to here, I should be happy to be at it. After all the rout we make of our Reynolds's, our Gainsborough's, our West's, our Kaufman's, it is an incontestible truth that England has never yet produced a painter of tolerable merit. Are you a connoisseur in this art, Delane?"

Mr. Delane very modestly owned, he was not.

"You must have breathed some classic sighs, I doubt not, towards that region of genius?"

It was not for a man of his confined fortune to breath a wish for such expensive indulgences.

"It is pity too," says my Lord. "Come, we will stretch a point for once; thou shalt say one prayer over the tomb of Virgil, at my expense."

"His Lordship laid him under infinite obligations. He could only repay them with infinite gratitude." So he sets out to-morrow.

Eighth day. I did not think it possible for so polite a woman as Mrs. Delane to exist in so perfect a solitude. No hermit could wish for a more silent

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silent cell, nor could he any where perform his abstracted contemplations with less interruption from the bustle of this world. We eat and drink indeed, but how we get our cates I am at a loss to comprehend.

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Ninth day. This point is elucidated. A butcher on horseback has this instant delivered to the porter a basket. The porter has taken it, without opening the gate, through a sort of wicket that opens at the top of the gate. What ingenuity! Through the same wicket the porter has returned him the empty basket, and a cup, I suppose, of wine. Good Heaven! Peggy, to what end are all these precautions? Another circumstance is odd. Though there are stables belonging to this house, my Lord has no horses here. A carriage comes from Milan towards the evening of every day; it waits my Lord's appearance on the outside the iron pales, and brings him every morning, generally to breakfast, to the same spot. I am more at ease for his sleeping out of the house. His Mantorina, I suppose.

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So, so, Peggy. Mrs. Delane is not so totally destitute of amusement as I apprehended. You shall hear. My Lord at breakfast, said he had just received a packet from England, which he must answer before dinner. "That damned Burke," says he, "is preparing to bring into the house a plan of œconomy. Ministry expect a bustle. They have wrote for my advice, and interest amongst the members. I shall write to about

bout forty of them. The post goes to night. Have you any letters, Miss?"

"Yes, my Lord, I will write to my sister."

"I will charge myself with the care of it," says he.

"I don't doubt it," thinks I. Mrs. Delane would also take that opportunity. So we retired to our respective apartments. As I knew my labour would be lost, I was inclined to make it as short as I well could. I wrote therefore about twenty lines, descriptive of my situation, in which I did not spare my Lord at all, as to the meanness of betraying me here; but owned myself obliged to his delicacy and attention in other respects. I finished in less than an hour; after which I determined to indulge myself in a solitary walk in the garden. The day was hot. I thought myself safe, and took one of the closest walks. It led to the mirror grot. Fast asleep, as far as I believe, upon one of the couches lay the gallant Lord Winterbottom; and close beside him in an attitude of tenderness, the virtuous Mrs. Delane. I believe I suppressed an exclamation, I really am not positive, and ran back to my apartment as fast as my feet would carry me. I wonder whether Mr. Delane would have enjoyed such an exhibition. I dare say, at least, he would have chose the prudent part of concealing his knowledge, as I am inclined to do. But what, my dear Peggy, have I not to fear from so abandoned a woman! I doubt, notwithstanding the present calm, I have terrible trials to undergo. Suppose my Lord should propose the horrid alternative, Marriage or Dishonour? Oh, Peggy. I am half distracted.

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Tenth day. This innocent pair I believe are wholly unsuspecting that any eye but their own hath seen them in their recess. Dinner passed as usual, except that my Lord was more profuse of compliment than he had been some days past. Over and above the short conversational expressions of his great devotion to me, John White was no sooner withdrawn than he set about a long speech, the principal outline of which was, that he found it as difficult as mortifying, to check his ardent inclination, which led him to be always prostrate at my feet, pouring out the genuine effusions of his soul in love. He hoped this self-denial would have its proper weight.

I owned myself obliged by it, and wished my Lord would entitle himself to a gratitude that would have no end.

“And was it possible a behaviour altogether respectful, and adapted to my peculiar delicacy, had made no impression in his favour?”

I answered, I was not sensible of any change. This brought my Lord into his heroics.

“Better it was to die than live unblest. (You forget the blessing of the morning thought I.) What was rank, affluence, power, preheminance; what was all the world’s splendors, if one corroding torment, like the Promethean vulture, was to gnaw for ever and for ever. And would I not bestow upon him one animating word? Not permit him to entertain one ray of the deceiver hope?”

“I perceive,” says I, “it is difficult for your Lordship to conceive how little I value, what your Lordship seems to value so much. A man of an elevated understanding, and a noble soul, is in my estimation superior to a Cæsar without them. But was your Lordship as dear to me as Henry to

Emma, the situation into which you have betrayed me, would tear you from my heart; and whilst you continue me in it, there is no consideration upon earth would tempt me to be any thing more to your Lordship than I am now."

"It was a severe, it was a cruel sentence," my Lord said; "would it be milder at Barham Downs? If I would indulge him with the supposition of a possibility of change, he would soon, as soon as Mr. Delane returned from Rome, free me from the situation I had conceived so great a dislike to."

"You know, my Lord, "nothing changes so soon as opinion, and especially a woman's;" it is a maxim of your own."

"Will you permit me to escort you to England?"

"That England may know with certainty, I have been a tour of pleasure with your Lordship. If I should never be induced to marry your Lordship, spare me this dishonour for my own sake; if I should, for yours."

"My delicacy was excessive; quite beyond the reason of things and the manners of the age; my Lord could admire, but by no means applaud."

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Eleventh day. Nothing from my Lord; from Mrs. Delane a spirited remonstrance against cruelty, ingratitude, and folly. To be sure I was a most extraordinary young lady, and must have a very proud heart, as well as a hard one, to treat such a man as Lord Winterbottom with so much perverseness. For her part, she saw no great wisdom in it; and if she was my Lord——"

"What

"What then, Mrs. Delane?"

"She should think a little more highly of herself than to stoop so low, and be ill used into the bargain."

"I wish my Lord would think in that manner Mrs. Delane."

"Such a sweet place as my Lord had brought me to; and such attention as was paid to all my whims; I was very ungrateful. If I had fallen into some gentlemens hands, I might have been treated in another sort of manner."

"O—I am my Lord's then by right of conquest, I find; and ought to be grateful for all the evil he does not do me."

"Certainly, I might be more obliging. She believed I had never once complied with any request he made me, if it was only to walk in the garden."

"Every one is not possessed of your obliging disposition, Mrs. Delane; besides I am not fond of close walks, and mirror grots."

"Madam!" says she.

"Little favours lead to great, Mrs. Delane. Italy is a seducing climate."

"Are you afraid of yourself, Miss?"

"Not much, Mrs. Delane; I chuse to keep out of harm's way notwithstanding. Though my Lord's powers of seducing are not very great, he may take it into his head, he is a bashaw here."

"If he has bad designs, Miss, you are no more safe in your own apartment than any where else."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Delane; I defy him there. I am prepared."

And so I am, Peggy.

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“ We have from Lausanne, the shocking account of the death of two English gentlemen, who fell by each other's hand. The peculiar horror of the circumstance is that they were brothers; of the name of Osmond. Their cause of quarrel unknown.”

What, dear Sister, think you, must have been my reflections on reading the above in the Milan paper? A cold sickness came over me; I tottered to my apartment as well as I could; I believe unnoticed.

* * * *

There is no describing the degree of misery I have undergone, the two last hours. It is unaccountable to myself. True, I have lost an agreeable friend. But he was lost to me before. Besides, it is unusual for a calamity of this kind, to pierce so extremely deep. Ah Peggy!

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Suppose this piece of intelligence should be solely owing to Lord Winterbottom's ingenuity? There is some comfort in this thought. But what can be his intention? Is it merely to confirm his suspicions of my attachment to Osmond? Or is it, that by the failure of my hopes there, I may be induced to listen to his suit. I am something less uneasy, but much perplexed. Neither my Lord nor Mrs. Delane, have taken the least notice to me of the paragraph.

Oh,

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Oh, my sweet Peggy ! I have lost my account of days. I have lost my powers of reflection—— I have lost myself.

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To write, is now become an exertion ; but so are all the functions of nature ; I exert myself to live. Small are my hopes that these papers will ever reach your hands, my Sister ; yet I am desirous of giving a transcript of my mind to the last hour. The next Milan paper, contained the following paragraph.

“ New accounts from Lausanne confirm the melancholy catastrophe mentioned in our last paper. The particular circumstances of the quarrel are still unknown. The general opinion is that it arose on account of the Chevalier Osmond's lady, who was once engaged to the younger brother: The Chevalier Archer, did all he could to prevent the duel, but in vain. He attends the two unhappy corps to England.”

Still, Peggy, I endeavoured to suppose both the paragraphs might be fabricated by Lord Winterbottom. It was impossible to support his company, let the matter be as it would, and I kept my apartment. Mrs. Delane, is vastly surprized what can be the matter with me. Seems not to know that my affliction arises from this piece of news ; yet is always talking of it, and communicating other particulars talked of at Milan. Once she sent for John White into my chamber to question him whether he thought the report was true. John replied with a melancholy look and accent, It was too true indeed, he

himself had spoke with an English gentleman's servant just come from Lausanne, who confirmed all the particulars.

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Other proofs have occurred of the truth of this cruel incident. I have not spirits to write them, and it is unnecessary. Hope is lost. My mind yields to despondence. How thankfully I could bid the world farewell!

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Methinks I hear my sweet Peggy's reproaches. Was Mr. Osmond all the world to me? Is a sister nothing? The reproof is just. I know not why I am thus overwhelmed. Perhaps my mind, enfeebled by my situation,—surely I should never have loved Osmond living, thus.

* * * * *

Lord Winterbottom has several days solicited leave to attend me in my closet. No—I am too ill. He has taken it into his head to write. He condoles sincerely with me on the unhappy news from Switzerland. Too well he knows the almost indelible impression first attachments make. Every thing is to be hoped from time, and my good understanding.

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Mr. Delane is returned. Has visited me twice and preached two sermons. One upon the folly of yielding to despair. The other upon

the indelicacy of it. He talks on, as secure from interruption, as if he was discoursing from the pulpit. I am not now agitated by any human passion strong enough to engage me to any answer.

* * * *

Letters upon letters from Lord Winterbottom. I answer none. I receive them merely, and read them, when I am able. If I did not know the writer to the bottom, some of his strains, breathing the very soul of passion and disinterestedness might deceive.

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How cruel, Peggy, is my father! Well then; If I must be the victim of ambition, let me be sacrificed at the altar before his eyes. I am now too feeble for opposition. He writes me that his happiness depends upon my compliance. He mingles prayers and denunciations together. Talks of some contract made with Lord Winterbottom, and that my refusal will embitter all the remainder of his life. It is his hand certainly, such as he is accustomed to write when the gout impedes a little the free operation of the pen. But is my Peggy ignorant of all this?

* * * *

I am persecuted to death. Lord Winterbottom urging his odious suit upon his knees. Mrs. Delane beseeching. An hundred times have I said, I will take no resolution on this subject, but in England, in the presence of my father, of my sister,

sister. Delane insults me with the consequence of his own baseness. So are matters situated, I cannot, he says, return to England, my reputation unstained, but as Lady Winterbottom; and I have lost the spirit to retort upon him as he deserves. Mrs. Delane assures me, my Lord will never consent to my returning to England, but as his Lady. My father is of that opinion also. Dear Peggy, I have no wish left except that of dying in my sister's arms. And is there no other way to obtain it? And is it usual to marry people in the bed of sickness, when life is wearing out apace? Oh Peggy! what *can* I do!

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They tell me I am Lady Winterbottom. That I have received the nuptial benediction from Mr. Delane. I remember nothing. An overwhelming stupor has been my portion two days past; an harbinger I hope of everlasting rest. Dear Peggy!—Adieu for ever.

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It must be so, my dearest sister. Out of this house, I cannot go alive—I am sure I cannot. All my senses are perverted. Nothing I eat or drink, tastes as usual. How difficult it is to write these few lines. I am weary, quite weary. The hour of dissolution is near.—Commend me to my mistaken—but ever-respected father. I resign this world with pleasure. Osmond has resigned it before me. In the next—My beloved Sister—once more—Farewell.

Miss

Miss SINGLETON to Mrs. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

NOTHING surely, my dear Mrs. Wyman, could have happened more unluckily, than the business which drew Mr. Wyman so suddenly to London—and you along with him.

We have received by the post, a packet which has revived those self-tormenting reflections from which you so lately relieved the old Justice, and involved Miss Peggy in the cruellest afflictions. It is a series of letters from Miss Whitaker, continued to a kind of journal, too long to transcribe, and too painful to abridge. By whom it was conveyed to the post we know not; for it leaves the dear young lady in a situation incapable of sending it, and is unaccompanied by note or letter from any other person. Miss Peggy sees in it the death of her sister, and in circumstances of peculiar distress and horror. No words can describe her anxiety; nor can nature long endure a grief so poignant. Now, she raves of going to Italy, and actually packs up cloaths for the purpose. Now, these wilder emotions subside, and she sinks into silent melancholy. Miss Annabella's picture hangs in what was their common bed-chamber. She sighs and gazes at it for hours together, regardless of my intreaties, and often clasps fondly to her bosom, some article of her sister's apparel. If it was possible to lose the bitter remembrance for a moment, every object would recal it. Some piece of painting, some work of ornament, done by the unhappy Annabella, or done in concert, every where meets the eye of Miss Peggy, and tears her heart. Her appetite is lost; her sleep is terror.

Come

Come—I conjure you both—Come instantly.
Never can the kind offices of friendship be more
opportunately exerted.

Your half distracted

M. SINGLETON.

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Milan.

BY the mingled laws of nature and society, dear Wyman, no traveller through life can expect to drink the cup of pleasure, unmixed with pain, nor communicate it unmixed to others.

That we have found the lovely Miss Whitaker, and recovered her out of the hands of the detestable Lord Winterbottom, would be pleasure to you, almost as great as our own, could we add, that the health of the dear young lady was uninjured, that her intellects were unimpaired. But to you, I must communicate that her life is in danger; and should that be spared, we know not whether to rejoice or grieve, dubious as we are, whether her fine understanding can be restored.

She is at present with an Italian family of kind compassionate hearts, where every comfort, every assistance she is capable of receiving, will be her's.

It was but yesterday we recovered her. The particulars I cannot give. My bitterest enemy would scarcely impose that tax upon me, now.

This letter, I hope, will find you at Barham Downs: If not——It will, I am sure, take you there. Miss Peggy must be informed of these particulars, and informed with caution. Gay

and sprightly as she is, she has a tender heart ; and an affection for a sister, seldom reached, and never surpassed.

Be the termination how it may—It will be some alleviation of her affliction, that her Sister escaped without dishonour.

I say nothing of Osmond—At present he scarce exists.

Your's most sincerely,
AMBROSE ARCHER.

Sir GEORGE OSMOND to Mr. THISTLE.

Milan.

My honest old Friend.

I Have received yours, and note the contents. You have done very right in giving a check to the rigorous proceedings of Yates. Whilst his father was agent for the Suffolk estates, no gentleman had a better or more orderly set of tenants. I cannot comprehend how the same people, for I have changed none, can have altered so much for the worse. There is evident malignity in the pen of young Yates, Timothy ; we must take care of him. What a catalogue of complaints are here ! All idle, and drunken, and dissipated ! But I observe the crime of crimes with Yates, is deficiency in rent.

Timothy, I know you have understanding and probity ; and I believe you have humanity also. Why should we quarrel with man, for being the animal that nature made him ? or wonder that causes produce their eternal effects ? It has happened in a land of commerce, that riches have been diffused, and that the occupiers of land have come in for a share. It has happened

pened also that they have shared a part of the corruption of manners which riches also introduce. No doubt they are prouder, more self-important, more sumptuous. And how should it be otherwise, since they are men? Amongst what body of people, whose wealth was increasing, have they had better examples? Riches beget pride, and pride begets poverty; and this very natural effect has been precipitated by the wisdom of our rulers; or rather, this well conducted war, has done in a few years, what pride would not have effected in less than a century.

But Man, Timothy, delighteth not to walk backward. The habits of opulence cling close, when opulence itself has fled.

You must go down amongst them, Mr. Thistle; and see every thing with your own eyes. If they are not so good as they should be, let us give them time to become better. But if amongst them, you should find pure and uncorrupted hearts, characters of integrity, whom accident and misfortune have assisted bad times, to depress; to these, Timothy, be liberal of comfort, and of my purse; for such, it shall be freely opened.

Above all, do not listen to Yates, if he talks of either of those cruel expedients, seizing the property of a tenant, or turning him out. Let him not dare any thing of this kind, without my orders. It is with difficulty I bear him now. If he joins inhumanity to malignity, I tolerate him no longer.

What ridiculous complaints! "One drinks too much." Poor fellow! Perhaps he has no comfort in reflection, and drinks to weaken his sensibility. "Another sits too much by the fire-side." In all probability, to doze away his cares. Wretch! and dost thou envy him torpidity! A third, dares

to kill the hare he feeds, upon the ground he pays for. Egregious! Timothy——we have three thousand crimes, with each a penalty——with which Religion and Conscience have nothing to do——the fruitful offspring of Caprice, Tyranny, and Excise. Blessed state of civil policy!

Molly Patterson too! Fallen from virginity, and Yates (as you suspect) the author. Poor girl! what a load of anxiety has she to endure, because the laws of nature and society are at variance. You know her, Thistle. Has she not a pretty face? and ingenuous as pretty? Modesty seemed printed on it.

The custom of society, punishes woman too much for this offence, and man too little. I will endeavour to correct this error. Let Yates look to it. Yet, if it be the fault of human frailty only, unattended with baseness or deceit, sour fanaticism might punish, but humanity must forgive. Comfort the poor girl in my name. Bid her not do any thing more, unworthy of herself, and I will be her friend.

Miss Whitaker is better, Timothy; we begin to have well-founded hopes of her recovery, both in mind and body. Communicate this to Counsellor Wyman, if he is in London; or write to him if he is not.

Beauty, suffering for virtue, is a most interesting object. The malady of this young lady has been of a nature so touching——her innocence——her sweetness of temper——her purity of heart——have displayed themselves so forcibly through her disordered intellects, that I have been affected, perhaps infected, with a flood of new and softening sensations. In the eye of stern philosophy, it may be a doubt whether I gain, in point of happiness, or lose by the acquisition; but

stern philosophy can call it by no harsher a name than an amiable weakness, and the stoic apathy is so solitary a perfection; that I exchange it for the love of a brother, and the social affections with all my heart. My worthy friend—Adieu.

GEORGE OSMOND.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Milan.

TO die is nothing—but to live, deprived of what makes life a blessing—This is the extreme of wretchedness. Such has been the gloomy tenor of my reflections during a series of time, which, measured by its misery, seems an age indeed.

Now, my valued friend, it is once more given me to see the clear azure of an Italian sky, without that sickness of the heart, that made me ready to exclaim with Milton's Satan—"Sun! how I hate thy beams!"

Yes, I confess—even to thee I confess—for thou hast felt the power of the long—scorned deity—my life—more than my life, is bound up in that of my sweet Annabelia. There was a time when poverty forbad my hopes. That fiend my generous brother chased away. Then rose the young desires, a blooming progeny, fated to die almost as soon as born—and die in torture. Those, my Wyman, who have felt only the halcyon days of love, have felt his feeblest power. Oh, how it grows and clings about the heart, when twined with soft compassion, the daughter of distress! And is it not the same with sacred friendship? Wyman, my present prospects are unbounded. My Annabella lives, and lives to bless me. My brother, is the brother of my heart.

heart. My friends——tried by adversity——and
 “grappled to my soul with hooks of steel.” Give
 me, sacred power! to deserve those blessings——
 and whilst I live, to keep them!

Archer flies to England——to dispel our gentle
 Peggy’s anxieties, and to relieve you all. He
 will have the sweet delight of telling you by what
 happy means, wretchedness has thus been chang-
 ed into felicity. We hope to follow in a fortnight.

Adieu——Yours,
 HENRY OSMOND.

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

“WELL, Miss Peggy, and what sort of
 an animal is this Counsellor Wyman?”

“Why, he has an oval face, and an aquiline
 nose; very short of six feet high; stoops in the
 shoulders, and turns his toes out a little?”

“And his tongue, Peggy?”

“Mighty well adapted to his profession, I
 think. It plays freely, and is what you call ex-
 ceedingly nervous. It never moves at all in the
 water gruel way. It is sometimes rough too, and
 yet it seems to have that kind of roughness to
 which, nothing but a delicate courtier, or too ap-
 prehensive Nabob, would wish to apply a polish.”

“And how do you like Mrs. Wyman?”

“Not at all. She drives me crazy. From
 the creation of the world to this day, nature I
 believe has not produced her equal. I don’t mean
 as to beauty, for I am almost as handsome myself.
 But she has such sense, such sweetness, such an
 attention to please, and such a power to do it, that
 I am confident a woman of any tolerable vanity
 must find her——not to be endured.”

L 2

“And

“ And how did your father relish their visits ? ”

“ Ill in the beginning ; for the Counsellor being under the necessity of proving Lord Winterbottom a rogue, and the manner being a little corrosive, it was like vitriol applied to proud flesh ; till Mrs. Wyman found the means of healing as fast as the Counsellor wounded ; and my papa was at last brought to own himself in the wrong with great cordiality.”

“ This point,” says Miss Peggy, “ was gained before the Counsellor received the copies of Lord Winterbottom’s letters, the contents of which actually struck Papa moderately dumb for three days ; I know not when he would have recovered, if Mrs. Wyman had not established it as a maxim, and told many a tale by way of illustration, that wickedness and cunning were too hard for good sense and honesty, all the world over. It was in her hands the finest of cataplasms to one of the deepest of wounds.”

And now, good folks, having thanked you for the honour you have done me here, and for your goodness in leaving Miss Singleton behind, I must go on to inform you of our proceedings after our arrival at Milan.

We alighted, according to Sir George’s appointment, at the hotel *de Bergamo*, and found the Professor and he, just returned from an eight days excursion to the Appennines, and intent, as we imagined, upon the solution of some knotty theorem. They were so ; but not one of the *infinites-imals*. A couple of Milan newspapers published in their absence, had given an account of the melancholy exits of two English gentlemen, Brothers, of the name of Osmond, who had quarrelled about a woman, fought, and killed each other.

Now,

Now, although Sir George had enough and to spare of scepticism, yet the consciousness of his own existence seemed almost equal to mathematical certainty; nor could he conceive what mortal offence he had committed to be put to death so unmercifully. He knew, indeed, the *capricios* of Madam Fame, in the erection of her pyramids; how, if she can get solid truth enough for the purpose, she places the vertex downwards, whilst she carries the building of airy materials, and fantastic embellishments, broad and broader to the skies. But this building seemed of different taste; Sir George began to suspect the author, and they were considering how to counteract it, when we arrived. The letters found in Wycherley's portmanteau made the whole tolerably plain; we had little room to doubt that Lord Winterbottom had succeeded in his plan of getting Miss Whitaker into his possession, and that he was practising upon her. There was no time to be lost. The Professor offered to take upon himself to acquaint the Governor of the affair, and to procure as much power, civil and military, as should be necessary. This would be excellent as a last resource, but we were willing, if possible, to avoid so much celebrity. We were desirous to know whether Signora Mantorina lived at her house in the country, or in town. Our host of the hotel informed us that she lived in lodgings at Milan, having let her house to an English gentleman, the Chevalier Morington, who had lived there almost a month in the oddest manner in the world.

The garden, says he, is walled round, and the Chevalier has built a new lodge, and put a terrible tall Swiss porter in it, who lets no soul in, or out, except the Chevalier himself, or by his special orders. As to the Chevalier he sups with

Signora Mantorina every night, and sleeps at a lodging of his own, always returning to his country-house to breakfast in the morning. Even his horses and equipages are kept in Milan, although there are good stables belonging to the house. Every body talks about it, says the good host, it's so comical.

We spent the evening together in deep consultation about ways and means. It seemed to me a desirable thing to get into the house, and I believe I should have had no objection to any decent transformation that would have introduced us. I thought it practicable to converse unsuspected with the porter as two Italian peasants; and endeavour to bribe him; if this failed, to provoke him to come out and fight with one of us, whilst the other got possession of the gate for both. But I have a better scheme still, says Sir George. I have met in the streets of Milan a couple of Jews, who seem to have associated in order to live. One grinds music upon—I forget the name of the instrument; it is common enough in London. The other carries a pedlar's box with toys and ribbons. To these he adds an universal panacea for all human evils, in the form of a powder; and as if all this was not enough, he tells fortunes. It is upon this last article, principally, says Sir George, I build my hopes of success; for this has a charm to draw together all the women of a house, from the Lady to the scullion.

This scheme, though proposed in jest, I began to think of in earnest; when Harry, by a speech in the heroic stile, overturned it, and the rest of them altogether.

Never, no never let it be said that in a cause of justice and humanity, we stooped to low, base, and ignoble means. Lord Winterbottom shall not reproach

reproach us with this. No——we will meet him in the face of day ; we will demand justice ; and if we fail of all other means, then let us accept Mr Professor's offer, and have recourse to the civil power.

Here then we rested, and next day, a little before the hour in which Lord Winterbottom was said always to return to Milan, Osmond and I, with three servants well armed, took the road to the house. In a ride of about three miles we came to an avenue about a quarter of a mile in length leading from the post road, directly to the gates which front the house. Just before these gates stood a chaise. We waited till we saw my Lord enter it ; and then ordering the servants to keep at a distance, but always within view, we rode to meet him. He was attended only by one servant.

We took the liberty to desire the post boy to stop, and accosted Lord Winterbottom with all the civility we could, and indeed it was quite sufficient to change his complexion.

" My Lord," says Osmond, " there is a little account to settle betwixt you and I, will your Lordship favour me with your company apart ?"

" No damme me if I do," says my Lord, " this is a strange liberty you take, almost a stranger to me, to stop my carriage upon the high road, and detain my person upon frivolous pretences. There are laws in Italy, as well as in England."

" There are my Lord," replies Osmond ; " you may find there are to your cost. It is not now upon the vain point of honour of seeking satisfaction for an affront, that we attend your Lordship here. We have a cause much more essential.

tial. All I want is to know if your Lordship chuses to discuss it here before your servant, or retire to a freer conference."

"I will discuss it no where," says my Lord; "Damn ye, Sir, by what authority do you assume this impertinence?"

"My Lord, my Lord," replies Osmond, "this is not the hour for insolence and folly. You see before you a man determined to bring your Lordship to an explanation, or die in the attempt."

"Damn ye, Sir, an explanation of what?"

"Where is Miss Whitaker, my Lord?"

"Where is your right to question me?"

"This altercation, gentlemen," says I, "leads to nothing. My Lord, your friend Wycherley is dead." My Lord looked astonished. "He fell in a drunken brawl at Vienne. His portmanteau became the King of France's property. Part of its contents was your Lordship's correspondence with him. This part I begged of the Count du Pleix. It communicates your Lordship's ingenious plan to impose upon old Mr. Whitaker, and trepan his daughter. You have succeeded in both. The ill consequences that have not already flowed from this scheme, it is our intention to prevent; and for this purpose did we come."

Lord Winterbottom, though in evident agitation, endeavoured to keep up the idea of his consequence. Neither his rank nor his dignity could stoop to answer questions imperiously put, by people whom he despised. We were beneath his notice, and for this piece of insolence he would call us to a severe account. Then swearing at the driver, ordered him to go on.

"I will

"I will shoot your horses dead upon the spot," says Osmond, "if you offer to stir."

"The rank and dignity which seems so troublesome to your Lordship," says I, "though of great importance in the privy council at St. James's, will be of no use to the Chevalier Morrington in Italy. Lay it aside for once, Chevalier, and condescend to conduct us into the presence of Miss Whitaker. Let us hear from her own mouth that she is well and happy. Perhaps she will chuse to favour us with her commands to England, and we shall give your Lordship no farther trouble."

"No, by God! you shall not enter my doors."

"Then my Lord, we will do ourselves the honour to attend you to Milan, where you shall have the pleasure to find yourself a person of more importance than the Chevalier Morrington could reasonably have hoped. The Governor will take you under his immediate protection, till Miss Whitaker is under ours; after which your Lordship shall be at liberty to attend a process instituted against you in England. I pledge myself to the due execution of all this. We are ready to attend your Lordship to Milan."

"I will go where I please; restrain me at your peril."

"One word more, my Lord. Your infamy at present is known only to one Italian, Professor M——, who is engaged to secrecy provided you are disposed to justice. I love my country, and do not wish to stigmatize it in the person of your Lordship. Whether your Lordship's so justly acquired fame shall be in the bosom of a few, or published to the world, and treated according to its merit, depends upon yourself.

self. In two hours, there will be an end of accommodation, of delicacy——of every thing but Justice."

"You think to intimidate me," says Lord Winterbottom, "by a heap of gross impositions. What proof have I of this? And if I had, I have lost a friend, that's all. Perhaps you killed him. You tell me of my letters found in his portmanteau. A very improbable story, of which I believe not a syllable."

"Your Lordship shall want no information in my power to bestow. Will your Lordship take the trouble to read this specimen of your own inimitable productions?" Giving him a letter out of a packet. Which when he had read, I put into his hands a paper drawn up by the commissary at Vienne, containing an account of Wycherley's death, and the manner of it. Whilst he seemed to read this with great attention it was easy to see, he was thinking of something else.

"Well gentlemen," says he at length, "I confess it hurts my pride, insulted thus, thus authoritatively interrogated, to condescend even to the appearance of giving you the least satisfaction whatever. But to put an end to this foolish business in the quietest and shortest manner possible, know, that yesterday morning Miss Whitaker made me the happiest of men, by giving me her hand in marriage."

This was a cruel stroke to poor Osmond, whose pallid countenance betrayed the sensation at his heart.

"Well my Lord," says I, "if this be true——"

"If I——Damn ye Sir I do you question my honour?"

"I do,

"I do, my Lord; and your veracity also. There is an easy way however to convince us. Let us be permitted to pay our respects to Lady Winterbottom. If she acknowledges herself to be so, without any accusation of your Lordship, we shall be satisfied with deploring the Lady's fate, and leave Italy immediately."

"No———curse me if you will enter my doors———I owe you no obligation. Besides, Lady Winterbottom is ill and can't see company."

"Ill! and can't see company!" broke out Osmond in a fury; "and married yesterday! My Lord, my Lord, here are some dark proceedings, which are ashamed of day. My friend Sir Ambrose has treated you hitherto with a respect and delicacy, I fear, you are by no means entitled to. In me your Lordship will find a ruder assailant. With or without your leave, I will enter that house. I will see the lady and know her fate from her own mouth, if she is able to speak it. If she has been treated as I suspect, no desert shall conceal, no privy council protect you. I will have no other business in the world but to hunt your Lordship out of it."

"Sir Ambrose, let us leave this base-minded wretch to his folly and his fortune."

"My Lord, restore the papers."

He answered sullenly, the commissary's account was forged, and he would keep it to convict us of the forgery.

"Thou every thing despicable," says Harry, "restore them this instant, or by heaven!"——
Seizing him by the collar.

"Damn ye—take them," says he.

I had

I had made a signal to our servants who were now come up, and having replaced the papers I gave the packet to one of them, with orders to give it immediately into the hands of Professor M——. He knows the rest, says I; “and we will take the liberty to keep your Lordship in reserve for a more honourable custody.”

“You won’t dare to do it?” says my Lord.

“Yes, my Lord,” replies Osmond, “you shall know to your cost, the intrepidity of honest hearts in the cause of virtue.”

“Call back your servant, says he.

“No trifling my Lord! What have you to propose?”

“You shall have admittance to Lady Winterbottom; that is all you want I suppose.”

We called the servant back.

“All at present my Lord; the Lady must determine the rest.”

My Lord gave orders to his footman (an Italian who had beheld all this with a face of astonishment) to see us admitted and then follow him to Milan.

“He shall go with you my Lord,” says I; “only have the goodness to stop a moment till your orders are executed.”

“By G—d Sir Ambrose, I shall have no rest night, nor day, till I have taken vengeance for this damned insult.”

“Put us all to death, my Lord, in the Milan news-papers.”

“You are a provoking devil——But the minute will come——”

“It is come now,” says I, seeing Osmond admitted within the gates. “I wish your Lordship good morning.”

My

My Lord drove off to Milan. I sent a servant after him with orders to desire the Professor to go an hour or two to the palace, that if Lord Winterbottom had the boldness to move any thing there; he might counteract it by a discovery. I also, at a venture, ordered a chaise to be sent from Milan directly.

We found, the porter excepted, no male servant about the house. An elderly woman and two maids seemed to be all the domestics. We enquired for Mr. Delane. They did not know where he was. Mrs. Delane? She was with the lady above stairs.

"What Lady?"

"My master's Lady, the Chevalier Mornington."

"I have the honour to know her—is she pretty well?"

"No—she has been ill some days."

"We desire to speak to Mrs. Delane."

The maid delivered the message. The pretty Mrs. Delane looked much affrighted.

"My name is Archer, Madam; I had the pleasure of seeing you once at Barham Downs. I could not come into the neighbourhood of Miss Whitaker without wishing to pay her my compliments. Will you be so obliging as to announce me to that lady?"

"Sir, (with great confusion) she is ill; she can't see any body."

"Ay, so Lord Winterbottom said," replies Osmond; "but as we found means to gain his consent, we hope so courteous a Lady will not refuse her's."

"She was sorry to be under that disagreeable necessity; but it was impossible to comply with the request."

"Ladies," says I, "create impossibilities, and men remove them. I thought you had been more obliging. All your favours I hope are not confined to Lord Winterbottom."

"My favours are not to be obtained by Judo-nels, Sir."

"I am sorry we have not time at present to be polite. If you grant no favours, Mrs. Delane, you can scarcely expect any. I hope I shall have the honour of meeting you at Westminster-hall, to thank you there for the favours you have conferred upon Miss Whitaker. The whole share you have had in the arduous task of trepanning that young lady hither is well known to us, and will be so to the public. You must be liberal of your favours somewhere, Mrs. Delane, to ward off this blow."

A fit of trembling seized the poor lady, who after some hesitation replied, that "what she had done, was not out of any wicked design, but purely to oblige Lord Winterbottom."

"We know it Mrs. Delane; and yet I am afraid, even this generous motive will have but little influence on a dozen rude fellows, unacquainted with gallantry and ton. But come Mr. Osmond, we must announce ourselves I believe, since Mrs. Delane will not."

"Well if I must, I must," says she; "I shall remember gentlemen's politeness the longest day I have to live."

I wish dear Wyman I could spare myself the remembrance of the scene which followed. To describe it truly is impossible. Miss Whitaker was seated in an arm chair, no book, no little implements of housewifery about her. Her lovely eyes that were accustomed to look intelligence, were half closed, sleepy, and unanimated. Can
you

you comprehend what I mean, or will you set me down as a dealer in riddles, when I say, that being roused by any interesting question, they had a vivacity, a kind of wildness rather than spoke them too animated. You will see by what follows that she was not deficient in quickness of apprehension, and that her replies were prompt, though indicative of leading ideas, which seemed to engross her faculties, and turn all things to themselves.

Mrs. Delane announced me.

"Sir Ambrose Archer, my Lady——"

"Well; what of him? he is in England you know."

"He is here to wait upon your Ladyship."

I presented myself before her. She looked at me with an air of surprize.

"Then where have you buried poor Osmond?" says she.

The two impatient Osmond stood before her. She started, shrieked, panted for breath, and fixed her eyes full upon him in terror. He knelt and took one of her hands, but was not able to utter a word. After a minute's steadfast gaze,

—"This is very odd," says she; "pray tell me, and tell me true——you always used to tell true——are not you going to England to be buried? and can't you take me with you? I want to be buried too."

We could not speak.

"You look and feel for all the world," says she, "as if you were alive."

"I am, I am," says Osmond, sobbing.

"But how can that be? Every body says you are dead; don't they Mrs. Delane? And you Sir Ambrose, what do you say?"

"It was only a report, Miss Whitaker, raised I am afraid for a very bad design."

"Look you there now, Mrs. Delane, (says she.) Oh dear! I am so sleepy——its very ill bred too——but I can't help it."

I took Mrs. Delane aside, whilst Osmond hung over the sweet sufferer in inexpressible anguish.

"Mrs. Delane, (says I,) here have been foul arts; I hope you may be innocent, but they will be searched to the bottom. We shall convey Miss Whitaker to Milan."

"What right or authority have you, (says she,) over Lady Winterbottom?"

"I know no such Lady. Take care, Mrs. Delane, you are heaping coals of fire upon your own head."

Osmond overheard this. "And can it be true, (says he, taking her hand;) are you indeed Lady Winterbottom?"

"Ay, so they say," replies Miss Whitaker.

"And was it with your own consent?"

"No, indeed;" (resentfully).

"Who married you pray?"

"Mr. Delane, they say."

"They say! Can't you remember it, pray?"

"No, indeed. I know nothing of it."

"Great God!" exclaimed Osmond; "if there be justice on earth, this iniquity shall be severely punished."

"Did not I tell you so, Mrs. Delane?" says Miss Whitaker.

"Has Lord Winterbottom, Mrs. Delane," says I low to her, "ever presumed upon the privilege of a husband?"

"I am not bound to answer your questions, Sir," says she.

"I will

"I will be bold then, Madam, to make free with your pretty person, as far as Milan; and deliver it over to a tribunal you will not find it easy to elude. The chaise will be here directly. If there be any thing you desire to take with you, please to have it ready."

"I won't stir a step, (says she;) I am under the protection of Lord Winterbottom."

"He will find it difficult to protect himself. You have given your honour, and I fear your integrity also, to a most despicable wretch."

Mrs. Delane turned pale. "Then I must seek my husband's protection," says she.

"Do, Madam, you will want it immediately." She went out.

Osmond said something, I know not what, to Miss Whitaker, in his own soothing and gentle manner.

"Ay, (says she,) this is just the way you talked when you was alive, and in England."

"Why will you persist in supposing me dead?"

"Why, where is the harm of it, pray? You would have gone to Heaven, should not you? And I am going thither. Do you think I should not be glad to see you in Heaven?"

Osmond turned sobbing from her.

"Come hither, Sir Ambrose, (says she;) I don't know what to make of him. I thought to have met him in Heaven; I might have loved him there you know; and now he won't hear of it. How odd this is."

"There are a great many happy days for both of you on Earth, I hope, Miss Whitaker, and Heaven at last."

"Ay, now you want to make me believe something or other. So did Lord Winterbottom, and so did Mrs. Delane. But, Oh dear, I have

not sense to believe, I think," putting her hand to her forehead.

"You are not well, Miss Whitaker, (says Harry;) but you soon will be well at Milan; and I hope you will accompany us thither without reluctance."

"No, not alive, (says she,) I shall never go out of this house alive—I told my sister Peggy so."

"Have you wrote lately to Miss Peggy?"

"Yes—hush—I have not sent it though—I knew they would not let it go. But it's ready, and I'll give it you. You'll take it, won't you?"

"I will do whatever you desire, Miss Whitaker."

"Come hither then, (rising hastily, and falling back again,) Oh dear, how light is my head!"

We supported her to a little closet to which she pointed. Taking out a small bunch of keys, she opened a bureau.

"I can't think what I was looking for," says she.

I told her.

"Poor Peggy! (says she,) she'll be sadly grieved; but it can't be helped."

Then opening a private drawer, she took out a packet sealed with three black seals, and directed to her sister.

"Here it is, (says she,) but it must not be delivered till I am dead. Mind that."

In the same drawer lay a half rusty filetto.

"Pray, (says I,) What is that?"

"Hush, (says she, looking towards the chamber—) Lord Winterbottom is a wicked man, you know; and I could not tell how wicked he might be. Well, I found this thing in this very drawer

draw~~r~~——and every night I laid it under my pillow——only last night I forgot.”

“ And what did you design to do with it ? ”

“ Kill him, if he had come in the night——or myself——I don't know which.”

“ So he never did come in the night ? ”

“ No, never.”

“ And why do every body call you Lady Winterbottom ? ”

“ I don't know.”

“ When people are married they wear a wedding ring.”

“ Yes, and they would have had me wear one too——but I would not——Yet they call me Lady Winterbottom for all that.”

Just now entered Mr. and Mrs. Delane. The gentleman tried for an air of importance. It was a sheepish effort.

Osmond——This Prince of meekness at times has a most formidable frown——Osmond, I say, looked terribly on Delane, and shewing him Miss Whitaker, whom he had again seated in her chair——“ Wretch, (says he,) See thy work ! and tremble at the vengeance that awaits thee.”

The poor Parson, I believe, obeyed the edict sincerely.

“ What, Mr. Delane, (continues the gentle Harry ;) “ Grant me patience ! what had this unoffending innocence done to you, that you should be the abandoned instrument thus to trepan her into wretchedness and disease ? ”

“ What have I done——so enormous,” says Delane ?

“ Ask your conscience, (returns Harry ;) If that is become callous, an English, perhaps an Italian tribunal may restore its “ feeling.” With a pale face and quivering lip, he answered, he was afraid

afraid of neither. Whilst this altercation was going on, it occurred to me, that by persisting in saying Miss Whitaker was married, they might give us a great deal of trouble, and that it was of great importance to us to know, whether any ceremony of this kind had been really used. If Delane could be drawn over to our party, the whole might be known at once; and if the young fellow was not already sunk into the basest of all prostitutions, and become the pander of his wife, I thought I had matter sufficient to rouse him. With this notion I desired his company a few minutes into the garden, where I addressed him to this purpose.

“Whether what I am going to say to you, Mr. Delane, will have any effect, I cannot tell; but your family and I have been long neighbours, and not upon ill terms, and I think it my duty as a neighbour, and one who would rather do good than evil to any one, to shew you the precipice on which you stand. It is possible that gratitude for past favours, may have had some share, as well as expectation of future, in carrying you to this detestable length for Lord Winterbottom. Gratitude is an amiable motive, and claims some indulgence, even when it leads to error. But what will you say, Mr. Delane, if I should prove to you, that this noble friend of yours has no claim to your gratitude; that he despises whilst he dupes you; injures you in a way no man of feeling can bear; and throws a cloud over your understanding, whilst he leads you to perdition.”

I then gave him a full account of Wycherley's catastrophe at Vienne; and concluded by putting into his hands one by one the letters of the noble Earl of Winterbottom.

When

When he came to the perusal of the 9th letter, in which my Lord gave so pretty a narrative of his pre-connexion with Mrs. Delane, the poor parson began to bite his lips, grind his teeth, and utter pious ejaculations; and obtaining the free use of his tongue, poured upon his Lordship's devoted head, the full torrent of learned virulence.

How dear to us, are our vanities! Though he found himself my Lord's bubble in his marriage, and dignified with the honour of being his Sunday cuckold, it was matter of doubt, whether the pangs he felt from these deep injuries were as keen as those arising from the contempt thrown upon his scientific performances.

When this tumult had a little subsided, "You see now, Mr. Delane, (says I,) "what kind of a connexion you have formed, and how little likely it is to turn out to your advantage temporal or spiritual; for had Lord Winterbottom really designed you the Wilton living, which, in my opinion, he never did, be assured, that by this time, it is not his to give. You do not yet know, that exclusive of this affair, my Lord's affairs are in a situation so desperate, that it will require many years of foreign œconomy, before he can revisit his native country. This bold push at Miss Whitaker's fortune, was made in hopes of retrieving them. The discovery, I apprehend, will sign and seal his perpetual banishment. You are a young man, Mr. Delane, who may be supposed to have been deluded into error, rather than hackneyed in the ways of vice. This lapse may be recovered, but the first step towards it is contrition."

"Sir Ambrose, (replies Mr. Delane,) emphatically enough, "I am humbled to the dust. All my hopes were in Lord Winterbottom, and all my hopes are lost. But sooner than I will submit

mit a moment longer to eat the bread of this base wretch, I will seek it with my spade."

"It is well resolved. There is one thing, Mr. Delane, which hinders me from offering you my own services, or the much more efficacious ones of Sir George Osmond and his brother. If you have carried your complaisance to Lord Winterbottom so far as to have profaned the sacred ceremony of marriage, you are undone for ever."

"Thank God, I have not," replies Delane. "Though strongly solicited, I have not. If you will condescend to hear me, Sir Ambrose, I will give you a true account of the share I have had in this business, and I flatter myself there are some circumstances, which, though they do not exculpate, may serve to lessen your abhorrence of me."

"A reverence for my father's patron was instilled into me at very early years, and as the elegant Mr. Pope says, not Sir Ambrose that I admire the modern poets in comparison of the ancients, but Pope, though not a Horace, has some good lines, as these for example, so exactly adapted for quotation, respecting what I was saying, "Grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength."

"The present moment, Mr. Delane, is extremely precious; I should be happy at another time to attend your eloquent quotations; but now, the utmost brevity, if you please, will suit us better."

"To be sure, Sir Ambrose. Conciseness with perspicuity is one of Aristotle's admirable precepts, and equally adapted for conversation as for writing, albeit Longinus."

"I am

"I am afraid, Mr. Delane, you are now breaking that admirable precept of Aristotle."

"Not in the least, Sir Ambrose; I protest on the contrary, I am so imbued with the spirit of that divine author, in these degenerate days, unfortunately too little valued, that——"

"Permit me to interrupt you, Mr. Delane; I perceive plainly I shall receive much pleasure and instruction also, from the elegant manner in which your narrative will be delivered; and in order to enjoy it in the fullest manner possible, we will, if you please, postpone it to an hour of leisure.—You assure me no mock marriage, nor any marriage has passed betwixt Lord Winterbottom and Miss Whitaker."

"Certainly No, Sir Ambrose; and I must beg leave to claim the honour of rendering that design abortive."

"It will entitle you to consideration. You will go with us to Milan."

"Undoubtedly, Sir Ambrose. I hope I may depend upon your protection against Lord Winterbottom, who may be addicted to vengeance."

"You shall have nothing to fear from that nobleman, Mr. Delane; he will find sufficient occupation in defending of himself."

"And I suppose," says Delane, "I may bind my travelling trunk on the chaise which is to carry away Miss Whitaker."

"My servant shall take care of it for you, and you shall ride my horse. Now let us go in."

"My presence," says he, "is not necessary in the Lady's apartment, and I cannot look upon that hyena my wife, without emotions of rage. I will prepare, and be ready at your call."

The

The chaise from Milan was now standing at the door, and I was in hopes Osmond had prepared matters above stairs for immediate departure. No. Osmond's heart had so much the ascendant over his head, that the latter was useless. Miss Whitaker was still impressed with the idea of dying, and dying in that house; and Harry's sum total of persuasion had lain in his sobs and sighs. I whispered him to let us try the effect of a solemn parting. We made it with some pathos, and pretended to retire. We had scarce passed the door of the chamber, when Miss Whitaker set up a loud scream. We returned desiring to know if she had any farther commands.

"How cruel it is," says she, "not to stay till I die, and take me with you."

"How cruel it is in you, Miss Whitaker, to chuse to die (if you will die) in a foreign land, amongst your enemies, rather than in your native country, surrounded by friends, and in your sister's arms."

"My sister's arms!" says she with sweet eagerness; "my sister's arms! why that's what I wanted too. I told her so. But don't you think it would grieve poor Peggy too much?"

"No—it will be a comfort to her."

"Will it? Then I'll go with you. We shan't be long sure in going to England. Let us lose no time."

We took her at the moment without paying the least attention to the clamours of Mrs. Delane, running about to seek her husband, or bestowing a thought upon Miss Whitaker's dress. At the door we found Delane, his trunk upon the chaise. His wife cast her eyes upon it. Her placid features had before given place to a more animated

animated contexture; now, they put on the appearance of a fury. She raved and stormed with almost Billingsgate eloquence. It was of advantage to us, by hastening Miss Whitaker into the chaise, and taking off her attention from what she was about.

"Oh dear!" says she; "how that bad woman abuses Mr. Delane——But if he knew what I know. As sure as you're alive my Lord is naught with her."

Mrs. Delane kept storming on.

"I know thy whoredoms and adulteries thou daughter of Jezebel!" bawled out the parson.

"Pitiful, mean spirited scoundrel!" says Madam Fury.

"Deceiving, lewd, abandoned strumpet!" returns the parson.

I placed myself by the side of Miss Whitaker, and the chaise drove off. Osmond mounted, and with great precipitation the parson also, and left the victory and the field of battle to the enemy.

We drove without ceremony, for reasons of delicacy, to the house of Professor M——, and consigned our lovely charge to the care of Miss M—— his sister, a lady who has preferred a brother's affection to that of a husband, till it is too late to think of one. The Professor himself, with a soul almost as benevolent as the Parson of Sels, is half an Englishman; having resided several years in London, and studied our language and philosophy; and that he might not lose the former for want of practice, on his return he taught it his sister, who speaks it, not indeed like her brother, but intelligibly enough.

Two of the most celebrated physicians in Milan were immediately sent for, and informed of as much of Miss Whitaker's story, as was thought necessary, to assist their judgment. The young lady was extremely fanciful, and as she was much emaciated, her complexion excessively clear, and her cheeks tinged with a faint flush, she had greatly a hectic appearance. By the countenances of these gentlemen, no symptoms of hope were exhibited. They prescribed, and departed. Osmond sunk into despondence, and we separated early, each retiring to our respective apartments. Unable to rest, I employed a part of the night in writing to you, and the next day sent off my own servant with it as far as Geneva; knowing the posts from thence to England were regular and safe.

The next day's consultation produced a little hope. The lady was more sedate, and the flush had disappeared; but her weakness seemed not to be at all diminished.

It was not till after the sixth meeting, that we durst admit of any considerable degree of exultation. Then it was, the physicians informed us, that if the present symptoms continued four days longer, they could be able to pronounce the young lady out of danger, both as to her health, and intellects.

With these assurances we were tolerably well satisfied, and I ventured to write my second letter to Miss Peggy. After which we had leisure to think upon the reverend Mr. Delane, whose confession I designed should serve for the first evening's entertainment we were capable of enjoying. As Sir George and the Professor are inseparable, he supped with us at our hotel. The conversation fell naturally, though not very politely

lately for Delane upon Miss Whitaker's affair, and Lord Winterbottom was cut up (his own phrase you know) without mercy. It was impossible to avoid some glances at our reverend gentleman, who became as eager to enter upon his own justification, as I was to have him."

"You will not wonder, Gentlemen," says he, "that I should imbibe an early reverence for the patron of my family. Nature, Reason and Religion, all inspired it. My father continually inculcated the precept, and set the example."

*Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et heres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.*

When I left Cambridge and went to London, as it were to seek my fortune, my Lord gave me a general invitation to dine at his table, that is to say in the steward's room. I must own this gave me some small disgust, for my father had taught me to set a proper value upon the dignity of the cloth. And, without doubt, a clergyman is a gentleman every where, both by education and profession, and the service of God requires the utmost respect to be paid them by the great men of the Land. I am sorry to say this age does not sufficiently attend to this matter; and hence the vast increase of licentiousness, immorality, and irreligion."

"Why this is right now," says Sir George, with a smile; "I love to have my notions corrected by men of erudition; who never advance any thing but what they know to be strictly true. I must add this other link to my chain of causes and effects. Industry begets commerce,

commerce begets money, money begets luxury, luxury begets licentiousness——Pshaw, I mean want of respect for the clergy, and this want of respect for the clergy, begets immorality, irreligion, and the devil. All this is very just, Mr. Delane, but does not seem to bring us a bit nearer the information you designed, I believe to give us."

Delane looked silly, and went on.

"There was in the housekeeper's room a very pretty young woman, who made me forget this indignity. She was daughter to a clergyman, at whose house my Lord had boarded, for the sake of instruction in the classics, previous to his going to Oxford. Her father had been dead two years, and my Lord, from a grateful remembrance of his preceptor, sent for her to town, and put her under the care of his house-keeper. I thought it a most benevolent action, and my respect and reverence for my Lord increased. I may say also with Horace,

*Urit me Glycæa nitor
Splendentis pario marmore purius
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*

In short, as I had little else to do, I spent the greatest part of my time in Miss Harris's company. My Lord began now about to take more notice of me than usual, and I had the honour of dining with him very frequently. Sometimes too he would condescend to rally me upon my affection. One day he talked seriously to me, expressed his great esteem for the young lady, both for her father's sake and her own transcendent

dent merit ; and desired me not to engage her affections, unless I intended to marry her. I informed my Lord that no other event in nature could give me equal happiness, but that I was deterred *paupertate duro*. My Lord asked me if I had tried the press. I answered, no ; and that I was deterred from doing it, by the very little regard now paid to scientific productions. My Lord replied that more regard was undoubtedly paid to politics, and advised me to try my talents in that line. I will give you matter, says he ; a man of learning can be at no loss for arrangement, for ornament, and amplification, which are the only things required. Well, Gentlemen, my first essay was a small pamphlet on the side of Government. I must own I thought it a good piece. My Lord was in raptures, and gave me fifty guineas from the Minister. My next essay procured me an hundred. It is true the booksellers gave me nothing. My Lord had also procured me a curacy within twenty-five miles of London, and soon after, asked me how I went on with Polly Harris. I answered, nothing deterred me from knitting the connubial knot, but a permanent settlement. My Lord said he had the girl's welfare much at heart, and that he had always designed to give her to some young agreeable clergyman, who would make her happy ; and, by way of portion, the living at Wilton. I knew the living was worth 300l. per annum, and the incumbent old ; my Lord seemed to offer me the cup of felicity, and of fortune also, and I was eager to drink. My Lord very kindly gave me his consent, provided I could gain the Lady's. The Lady gave me her consent, provided it was agreeable to my Lord. My family approved all the circumstances,

stances, my father gave me money to furnish a house, and we were married in a fortnight. I was the happiest of men. I continued to write for government and my Lord got me paid. I knew the world, and yet it never entered my head that Lord Winterbottom had any other motive for kindness than pure friendship and benevolence.

* *Nulla ne perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ
Pœna erit ?*

This quotation produced a smile from all of us. The parson recollected himself, had the grace to blush, and went on.

“ How my Lord came to know Miss Whitaker visited my wife, I never could find out, but it is certain he had early intelligence. He sent for me, and having praised my last performance, and my general talents, condescended to give me a long history of his love for Miss Whitaker ; how she slighted him in favour of a very contemptible fellow, one Davis. How her father lamented this depravity as well as himself, and wished any method could be found to draw her from him. And, says my Lord, I believe I have thought upon a method to save the young lady, and to forward my own wishes, and those of her father.

“ This was our first conversation. We had many others, in which my Lord led me step by step, always flattering me, and always professing the highest honour and integrity, into this hopeful business. I should tire your patience to relate all the contrivances, all the minutiae of this stratagem ;

* Will there be no punishment for perjury, deceit, and fraud ?

stratagem ; for as Aristotle very justly observes, these only serve to clog the spirit of a narration, and render it unaffecting : And Quintilian speaks to the same purpose. Not but what, as Longinus thinks, trifles now and then, sparingly and judiciously introduced, may have a good effect."

"When they relate to their subject," replies Sir George.

"To be sure, (answers Delane ;) albeit digressions are not wholly to be condemned, for Varro, the most learned of the Romans, speaking thereof, sayeth——"

"Nothing to your present purpose certainly, Mr. Delane ; and if you can get forward without the assistance of these great names, you will oblige us."

"I submit to your authority, Sir Ambrose, (returns the parson,) although not wholly of your opinion ; and shall therefore suppress the remarks I made in my travels, though peradventure not destitute of merit ; and confine myself to what passed amongst us after our arrival here.

"Lord Winterbottom spent the first days in defending himself from the Lady's too forcible accusations, and in deprecating her anger ; and when he saw that this availed not, he fell again to his contrivances. I ventured to remonstrate against one or two, as respectfully as possible ; and my Lord gave them up ; soon after which he furnished me with money to visit Rome, a delectable tour to a man of science, wherein I made a multitude of remarks with intention one day of giving them to the public. During my absence Lord Winterbottom fell upon sundry stratagems ; one of which he hath since boasted of as a masterpiece ; and indeed it depressed the young lady to an extreme. This was no other than sending a
servant

servant to Lausanne with two letters to be put into the post there, for the printer of a news-paper at Milan; signifying the death of Sir George Osmond and his brother; but as I suppose you have seen them I need not be particular in the specification. This was followed by a forged letter from Mr. Whitaker, wherein he commandeth his daughter to marry Lord Winterbottom, and threateneth in case of refusal. After these, the young lady seemed to grow careless of life, or any thing therein, and I believe would have yielded from lassitude alone. Nevertheless she persisted in her refusal to come to any conclusion but in the presence of her father and sister. For what reason I know not, my Lord would never yield to this return, and as soon as I returned from Rome he fell upon another expedient. It was proposed to me to read the marriage ceremony over, the lady willing or unwilling. I assure you, gentlemen, my blood ran cold with holy horror at this proposal, and I was determined against compliance, be the consequence what it would. My wife never ceased to abuse me, and my Lord grew sullen. After many debates the matter was settled thus. Gentle opiates to be given to Miss Whitaker, till her memory became unsettled. Then call her Lady Winterbottom, assert she was married with her own consent, and treat her with double respect. It was not doubted but this would impress her with the belief she was married, and that she would yield quietly to her destiny. In which case she might easily be engaged to a real marriage with the public solemnity of a church. This preliminary I myself insisted on, and further that my Lord would give me his faith, (*fides*) for we have no English word to express all I meant, no more than we have to express what the Romans

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mans meant by *Ratio, Virtus, Pietas*, and many more—but however that is not to the point, for digressions should not, according to Quintilian, be introduced, except where the subject will bear a pause, and I think I had not brought my discourse to a period; though I protest, and I am seldom deficient in memory, I do not recollect with precision—Oh I have it—I exacted I say, a positive promise from my Lord, that nothing should be attempted against Miss Whitaker's honour. It is true, my Lord yielded this point easily, and I am convinced had no desire of breaking this part of the convention; for what betwixt my damned wife (may heaven forgive me for swearing) and Signora Mantorina with whom he sleeps every night—I believe I need not be more explicit. And now, gentlemen, having brought down my narrative to the point of time at which you arrived, I throw myself upon your generosity and candour. I own myself culpable, but I hope you will not think my fault enormous."

'This letter, dear Wyman, is of so immoderate a length, and I am so weary of it, and this son of the church, that I cannot continue the conversation, though the strong keen irony of Sir George applied to the gentleman's vanities, and his pedantry, would have entertained you.

The next day we found Miss Whitaker altered for the better. Her languor and drowsiness were still considerable, but her flightiness very much abated. We owe much to the kind attention of the worthy Miss M——.

The next day and the next Annabella continued to mend. Doctor S—— is of opinion that her languid habit will not go off soon. And that it will yield much easier and with less danger, to gentle travelling, when she is able to bear it, and
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a succession of agreeable objects, than to medicine. As to her consumptive complaints, the Doctor believes she never had any of the true hectic kind. At least none remain.

The Chevalier Morrington could not be heard of. At length the Professor's servant informed us that his servants at the hotel de Turin were discharged; his horses and equipage ordered to be sold; and that he himself was called by a sudden emergency to England. This latter article though we did not believe, yet we thought it would not be amiss to watch his motions there, in case of its reality. Accordingly on the following day, the Reverend Mr. Delane and myself set out from Milan, and without stopping to make remarks for the benefit of the public, ended our travels at Barham Downs on Tuesday last.

Affectionately yours and

Mrs. Wyman's, by report,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

MISS SINGLETON to MRS. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

SIR Ambrose Archer, in his long letter to Mr. Wyman, forgot to mention a most singular and perplexing circumstance. When he left Italy, he had Miss Annabella's leave, to bring with him the packet he spoke of, sealed with three black seals. When he delivered it to Miss Peggy, you may judge of her surprize, to find its outward appearance the very same with that she had before received by the post. On opening that which Sir Ambrose brought, it contained blank paper only. This is perfectly unintelligible, and must at present remain so.

Since

Since the first hour of our acquaintance, my dear Mrs. Wyman, I have never been from you half so long as at this visit; and I confess I feel rather awkward about it; and seem to want something that belongs to me. Not but I allow Miss Peggy Whitaker to be an excellent substitute, but in love and friendship, as the advertisements say, none but principals will be treated with.

It has come to pass very unnaturally, that I have lived to a very respectable age of Spinstry, without falling in love. This backward Spring I must wholly attribute to your Ladyship, for as soon as I get out of the reach of your attraction, I am ready to fall in love like other people. Doubtless you will desire to know the man, and his terrible accomplishments. In the first place then, he is a Baronet, and I believe, as the world goes, I need say no more to make the said world, the female part at least, approve my wisdom. He is verging towards forty, the age of prudence, more proof of my wisdom. A comely, hale, well looking, well proportioned gentleman, about five foot five inches, half fat, half lean, and has so much good nature, that it quite gets the better of his gravity; and the man is perpetually infusing mirth and good humour into every creature's heart that will open to receive them.

Now yesterday you must know that I set my cap at him, and that wild thing, Peggy, told me flat and plain, if I did so again, she would pull it off. "Don't you see," says she, "that I am trying to fall in love with him myself?"

"But the man is a dozen years older than you are."

"Yes;

"Yes; so Nature, a busy body like yourself has been telling me. What of that, says Reason, he is a dozen years wiser. Do you reckon for nothing that sage sprinkling that time bestows upon men as they gallop and trot through life, till it brings them down to a sober walk? Only think what time and pains will be taken away in the breaking?"

"Now, Miss Peggy, I have heard skilful Jockies say, the sooner they got their colts to the manege, the better beasts they made them.

"But Man, Polly, is a more vicious brute than a horse; the young ones of this species have monstrous strong mouths; no bridle can stop them till they have run themselves fairly out of breath.

"But you are falling in love, Miss Peggy, from the mere force of gratitude."

"When I was a child, Miss Singleton, I thought as a child. At eighteen I used to fall in love with a scarlet coat, and the etceteras of the frippery tribe. At twenty-four, I think gratitude as good a foundation for love, almost, as a coach and six.

"But, Miss Peggy, you are falling in love first."

"Ay, that may be not altogether so judicious. I believe I must stop proceeding till I know if the man will take me for better and worse."

"Of all things," says I, "I should like to hear you ask the question."

"Then depend upon it, Miss Singleton, I will ask him before you."

Now if Miss Peggy, was really in jest, my dear Mrs. Wyman, this might be done well enough; but as I am convinced she is in sober earnest, influenced

fluenced by a few of the most amiable motives that can influence a woman, I am quite eager for the Question.

Dear Kitty, Adieu,
M. SINGLETON.

Miss WHITAKER to her Sister.

Milan.

TEN days since, my dearest sister, I was struggling hard to overcome those fond habitudes of thinking, by means of which, I had for many years as full a portion of happiness as can well fall to mortal lot. I believed I must die, and it was necessary to resign myself to that belief. I obtained more than this resignation; I obtained the wish. So much, my dear Peggy, had I weaned my affections from the things of this world, that when by the care of my kind friends, I recovered from my stupor, and was told that life and earthly happiness were once more mine, I was scarce grateful for the blessings. My desires are now returning fast, too fast, into their former channels. Is it a necessary appendage to humanity, that the more ardent our wishes are for the good things of this world, the less are our aspirations for another?

My dear Papa is, I hope, now convinced of the entire worthlessness of the depraved Lord Winterbottom. Assure him that I acknowledge his kind intentions for my happiness, though he was mistaken in the means. Assure him that my duty is unimpaired, and my wishes are to make that duty agreeable to him, in all my future conduct.

No father, no Brother could have been kinder than Sir Ambrose Archer was to me, before his departure from Italy. May heaven reward him for it—hereafter. Here, Peggy, reward him yourself; for it I have any skill in interpreting mysteries, you are the sole earthly deity who can do it. We have a lady here, a very good humoured maiden of fifty, who, I am certain, would have been content to have had the last twenty years of her life annihilated, with all the piety and all the wisdom thereunto belonging, and have gone back again to thirty, with all the folly thereof, provided she could have had Sir Ambrose into the bargain. This lady I have strongly solicited, from motives of gratitude and inclination, as well as decency, to accompany me to England; and as the only reason she urged against it, was the leaving her brother, that worthy Italian, has kindly consented to accompany us also, and after a few months stay, conduct her back.

Oh, my dear Peggy? what good People there are in this world! what contrasts to the Lord Winterbottom!

Could one ever have thought Sir George Osmond would have stood so forward in the rank of virtuous men? It is true, he has not that tenderness, that sensibility, that touching softness, which distinguishes his brother; but under an uncouth appearance, and a seeming roughness of manners, he conceals a manly and generous heart, as ready to reward merit, or relieve distress, as many, who could be thought embued with the soul of benevolence.

But is there not, my dear Peggy, a certain indelicacy, in my being here with Mr. Osmond? Settle it amongst yourselves ye daughters of fastidious

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tions decorum; I disdain to use your little airs to my preserver, to the most noble, most generous, most disinterested of men. I had no sooner recovered my understanding, than with a tenderness, all his own, he laid himself and fortune at my feet. It was quite unexpected. The peculiar delicacy of my late situation was sufficient, even in my own opinion, to make a rash man, cautious. I confess frankly, my Peggy, the declaration was the greatest cordial I could have received; but maidenly nicety forbade me to let him know what passed within my bosom. On the contrary, I spoke a language foreign to my heart, the language of worldly prudence. I told him "the world would never find in its heart to speak well of a person situated as I had been."

He replied, "that the world to be sure was a wise personage, its judgments always formed upon the best grounds, and its conclusions charitable. And what Annabella *can* it say on the present occasion?"

"That I have been a month in the same house with Lord Winterbottom, a gentleman of gallantry and enterprize, and that to come out hence with untainted honour, bordered on the miraculous"

"But I, who know this miracle has been performed——"

"The world, Mr. Osmond, will not applaud your easy faith."

"The world and I, Miss Whitaker, have differed in opinion so much, and so often, that I have had the presumption to make it a rule to be guided by my own understanding; and this is a case, in which, my understanding approves what my heart dictates."

"But do you know the penalty, Sir? my father informed me by letter, that if I did not marry Lord Winterbottom, my fortune should be only 10,000."

"You despise me, Miss Whitaker."

"No indeed; why so?"

"What greater marks of contempt can you shew, than to suppose I can stoop to such fordid considerations, when more than life, when happiness is at stake?"

What pretty words, men have upon such occasions! At length we have signed a convention, that the subject (harring hasty ebullitions, Peggy) shall sleep till we have an opportunity to bring it before a tribunal at Barham Downs. At this dread tribunal then we are preparing to appear, as in all probability we shall leave Milan in a few days. My heart bounds with pleasure when I think of once more embracing my sister.

Adieu, your

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

Mr. OSMOND to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER.

Milan.

I AM all joy, all extacy, or more poetically still, all air, on the prospect we have of my Annabella's speedy restoration to her usual health and strength. So little of her weakness now remains, that we are actually preparing for England.

She received an extraordinary visit yesterday. It was from a woman of decent appearance, who had been housekeeper at Lord Winterbottom's recess, till she (Miss Whitaker) began
to

to be ill ; after which, she saw and thought of her no more.

It appears, this good woman was dismissed, because my Lord did not find her sufficiently obsequious : She was wicked only by halves. Against their later proceedings, she remonstrated ; and (to men of the court) remonstrances are enormities. My Lord punished her by dismissal. People never feel compassion for others so truly, as when in calamity themselves. She had marked the progress of Miss Whitaker's packet, had seen it sealed and finally deposited, in the drawer of the bureau, to all the locks of which Lord Winterbottom had given her a master-key. Out of pure pity, and a desire to serve Miss Whitaker, she stole and committed it to the post ; but not being allowed to speak to that young lady out of Mrs. Delane's presence, and fearing it might trouble her to find it gone, she made up a similar packet, and counterfeiting the direction tolerably well, deposited it in the same place. For this, if it was wrong, she came to beg Miss Whitaker's pardon ; but as she could have no bad motive for doing it, instead of reproof, she met reward.

Lord Winterbottom is still unheard of. I have no action to entertain you with. Rather than nothing, perhaps you will accept a conversation.

"It was very providential," says the Professor to me, "your arrival at Vienne at the instant you did."

Sir George smiled ; the Professor would know the reason.

"I was thinking," replies Sir George, "of the providential escape we had from the hurricane amongst the Apennines, which, you may remember,

remember, blew down five or six cottages, and half demolished the little inn at which we were to have slept. Our delay, I remember was owing to a cask of home brewed of the vintage of 1775, which you owned was excellent, and I thought superlatively so. My thirst was great to be sure, but I did not know till now, it might have been dignified with the title of the thirst providential."

"I am afraid Sir George," says the Professor, "you have a disposition to Atheism. Can it be possible in a Mathematician?"

"No really, I think not," replies Sir George; "but though he cannot plead infidelity, he may be allowed to profess ignorance. There is a power, unknown to me, that pervades the universe. To this power, you pious gentlemen give the singular number, and masculine gender, and call it God. Be it so. I believe in God then as well as you. I endeavour with the utmost humility to conceive something of the nature of this power; I stretch my faculties in vain. To the worthy divines who labour to instruct me in the nature of his attributes, and infinities, I am much obliged. I would understand them if I could. Whether they understand themselves, to themselves is best known. If they do, let them pity, rather than insult the poorer understandings of their brethren; if they do not, I wish them pious, but not dogmatical. All I ask, is permission to adore in silence; to confess my limited capacity; and not to be obliged to believe that this power changed or suspended any part of that astonishing immutable operation called the course of nature, in order that a pair of atoms should arrive at a

town

town of France at one hour rather than another."

"But how can the deity be better employed," says the Professor, "than in succouring distressed virtue?"

"How can you be better employed," returns Sir George, "than in protecting here and there a weak individual amongst your nation of ants, from the violence of his stronger fellows?"

"God bless me!" says the Professor, "this is such a monster of a comparison! I declare Sir George you ought to be burnt for a heretic."

"Yes," replies Sir George, "it would tend very much to the glory of God indeed. Of all the inanities this busy, restless, insignificant animal, whom you dignify so highly, toileth and troubleth himself about, the most extraordinary, the most compleatly ridiculous, and most truly infernal, is that of making the brain of his neighbour vibrate exactly like his own, and of burning him, if it does not. Nor will the belief of partial and particular providences find an entry into my head, whilst that Pandemonium called the inquisition exists upon the face of the earth. But when the electric fire, or any fire, has consumed its palaces, and changed the inhabitants from monsters into men, call upon me for conversion."

"Then would to heaven, Sir George," returns the Professor, "I could call upon you for conversion to-morrow morning. For, though an Italian and a Catholic, I do detest and abjure the inquisition, as much as you Englishmen detest and abjure the Pope and the Pretender; and from my soul abhor the tyranny of the Christian

tian Religion, as much as I love and revere its primitive mildness and benevolence”

“Then would to heaven,” replies Sir George, “I could salute your holiness, Pope, to-morrow morning; and I would sooner kiss your toe for this sentiment, than for all your holiness’s predecessors have professed since the manufacture of the original Tiara.”

“And I declare,” says the Professor, “that my holiness’s first act shall be an act of indulgence to you and all such like heretics, who profess the *spirit* of the Christian religion, allowing you to pass to heaven with kifs of the *letter* of it, than any Pope has ever granted before me. I shall have a strong ambition also to get you Englishmen once more within the pale of Salvation.”

“Alas!” replies Sir George, “Englishmen dare never more come with the paddock of Grace, for fear of paying for it. If St. Peter continues to love his pence as formerly, there will be no conciliation; and it is too much to expect from any modern christian virtue, salvation for nothing. Besides,” continues Sir George, “you bring us a Lady veiled from top to toe, and you call her truth, and you bid the Devil take us, if we don’t acknowledge her. Let us see her face, says Luther. By no means, says Peter, the light would blind you. Then says Miss Archy Mac Calvin, let us at least see her back-side; that we may ken if the marks of Grace be on her. Not an inch of her naked body shall you behold, says Peter, and so G—d—n ye all together. Now this is the way in which your holiness has been used to talk, and the English are stark mad for naked Truth; so we are farther off than ever. But if you would take away her veil, and dress her, without meretricious

meretricious ornaments, and like a woman of Reason: If you would let our Parsons have wives to kiss, and never trouble your heads about their benefices: If you would let us eat and drink when and what we thought proper; confess our frailties to God, and ask his pardon rather than your holiness's: If you would not swear at us so on every slight occasion; and permit us to find our own way to heaven without paying you for passports: If to this you would have the goodness not to think yourself wiser and bigger and better than the good King of England, and permit him to be guided by his privy council, and his two houses of parliament, without cramming in your advice upon all occasions: If your holiness would consent to these conditions, and a few others of a like nature, we would be as good catholics as any in the world."

"I accept of your conditions by the lump, (replies the Professor) all but one. The emoluments, the emoluments, Sir George; these are indispensable requisites to salvation; but even here, I will concede as far as the nature of the thing will bear: Whenever I do myself the honour to ask you for a million, you shall be allowed to give and grant it, out of your own free will, and filial affection."

"Ungrantable, (says Sir George,) but your holiness shall be allowed to gamble the stocks occasionally; and if your holiness chuses to amuse yourself in the old Pontifical highway of basket-making, you may call your little creations, nephews, and provide for them without dismembering the patrimonies of the church."

"Or if you have any foolish and extravagant younger brothers," say I——

"Hold thy peace, Henry, (says my Brother;)

no

no soul shall have a hand in this-treaty but myself. Agreed or not agreed?"

"Agreed upon as preliminaries, (answered the Professor;) and to be finally sealed and settled in the twenty-first year of my papacy."

I congratulate the world upon the occasion, and am, Dear Archer, Your's,

HENRY OSMOND.

P. S. After I had wrote the preceding, I indulged myself in a conversation at the Countess Straffen's. Part of it run upon the Chevalier Morington, and Signora Mantorina. The report is, that after having combined together to betray a young English lady, whom her relations had released, they had quarrelled about another. That this other was found in the Signora's country-house, when she went to take possession; and that she turned her out without the least ceremony. The Chevalier resented this; the Signora resented the resentment: He damned her ingratitude: She, his sanfarronade; the fine bond of union broke—and so they parted.

And where is the Chevalier, pray?

This is an impenetrable secret.

H. O.

Miss SINGLETON to Mrs. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

I Am going, my dear Mrs. Wyman, to give you a specimen of as singular a courtship as ever I believe was done and performed by a man who dotes upon his mistress; and by a woman, possessed of a firm persuasion that her lover is one of the worthiest of human beings.

"I think, Miss Peggy," says Sir Ambrose, "I have a promissory note of yours in my pocket."

"Oh

"Oh how grateful should I be to the man who serves my sister!" "Now Annabella's last letter acknowledges that I have performed my part of the condition."

"Well, and don't I perform mine? Am not I grateful every day?"

"How can I tell? What signifies invisible money?"

"What the deuce would the man have?"

"Something palpable; substantial. Kisses of the manufacture of Venus; and looks that might charm a statue from its pedestal."

"Friend, I have them not; and if I had, your claim does not reach that sort of coin. You know at best it was but a partnership business; and half my note is due to Mr. Osmond."

"Annabella pays him in full."

"The man, Polly, does nothing but confound love and gratitude. He has no head for distinctions. I'll lay a wager he is downright over head and ears in love with my divinityship. Are not you now? Come, confess. You told Annabella, you know, I was your earthly Goddess."

"Not I, indeed. It is true I toasted you now and then in a bumper, and at Miss M——'s request, gave her your portrait, as far as my shallow observation would permit."

"If you don't labour under a shallow memory also, I shall be obliged to you for a repetition"

"I am afraid I can't pretend to exactness. Imprimis, your lips——plump, and "like a thread of scarlet." Eyes, black, or blue, or grey; I could not be positive unless I could see my tabby cat. Cheeks, red and white; it vexed me to forget whether that lovely dimple was on the right or left. It was impossible not to be eloquent in praise of those beautiful locks, could I have

have remembered their colour——Or your neck of ivory, “like the round tower of David.”——Or your feet, “beautiful with shoes.”

“Stay my love with flaggons,” interrupted Peggy laughing; “for he is sick of love. These are desperate symptoms——but come finish, the portrait.”

“With what rapture did I dwell upon your admirable good qualities. The domestic virtues were all your own; for I had eat the best of puddings formed and fashioned by your fair hands, and your syllabubs were supereminent. Religion, you had very much at heart; it came forth in pious ejaculations from your ruby lips, even when one would imagine your attention was fully employed by the king of diamonds. Your benevolence was manifest and extensive; so far from doing harm even to a toad or a spider, you would run away rather than give them the least disturbance. And for industry——my eyes were evidence it was in this age almost unparalleled——My eyes had seen your sampler. Nor could I avoid remarking also your great gravity and attention to decorum; insomuch that if nobody tickled you, you never laughed except you were merry; and seldom smiled but when you were in good humour.”

“Well, I declare now,” says Peggy, “if the Gods had made you poetical, I should have beat Swift’s *Sacharissa* all to nothing. And how can I reward you, for, as *Annabella* says, it is plain nobody can reward you, but me. I believe, after all, I must take you for better and worse.”

“And if you do, Peggy, it will be against my will; and monstrously against my judgment.”

“Ay, and against mine too; only I know you will

will die if I don't, and the parish will cry, fie upon the hard-hearted Gypsey!"

"Well, Peggy, it's very rash; but if you will, you will. However if you pay no regard to my petitions and remonstrances, you might pay some to the parish register; wherein it is written—Ambrose, son of Ambrose and Catharine Archer, christened the 11th of July, Anno domini 1744."

"What's all that to me? You might have fallen in love with me before, then; and why did not you, pray?"

"It's too soon yet, child; if you would stay till you was a decent spinster of sixty, it would be but six to five against our connubial felicities; now, reckoning by the parish registers it is six to four. But you're in such prodigious hurry, Peggy."

"Yes, I am so—out of pure kindness to you though. Only think how hard it would be to bear the pangs of love and of the gout, at the same time. No, positively I'll have you before Time has honoured you with any more of his mementos. Open your mouth pray—Three teeth gone as I live. No, friend; take my advice and me, whilst you can bite."

"Well, Peggy, the will of the Gods, and you, must be obeyed."

This, my dear Mrs. Wyman, is public courtship. The private may have some variation—for this same evening did I catch the gentleman kissing the lady's hand in the Alcove."

Adieu—Yours,

M. SINGLETON.

Mr. OSMOND to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER.

Grenoble.

SO far, dear Archer, are we upon our way to those happy Downs, where all our wishes center, and should have been still farther advanced but for another of Fortune's extraordinary conjunctions. We had determined to give ourselves the trouble of procuring passports for travelling through France, on purpose once more to see that honest Hibernian, Captain O'Donnel. On our lighting at Grenoble, the first person who struck our eyes was himself, stumping about the Inn yard in boots. He no sooner saw us than he ran to Sir George and I, and without any regard to the ladies, buffed us with great liberality.

"This is a pleasure we did not expect till to-morrow, O'Donnel," says Sir George, "What brings you here, pray?"

"There is a concatenation of causes," replies O'Donnel; "and your wife is among them; but whether she is a first cause, or a second cause, I cannot tell at all."

"My wife!" says Sir George; "Oh then, let us seek an apartment that we may hear the story at leisure. But the ladies had also a little affair with the toilette, and before this could be accommodated, and orders given for to-morrow, supper was ready. After which, and a due libation of Burgundy, the Captain was ready to enter upon his story. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was struck with a sense of the impropriety of relating his tale before strangers. Sir George, who saw him hesitate, assured him with great good humour, that all present knew him to be a cuckold, and that there was not a single particular,

ticular, past, present, or to come, which he would give six-pence to conceal."

"And good reason too, Sir George; for what have you done to be ashamed of? except treating me better than I deserve?"

"I have nothing to reproach myself with on that head, O'Dornel," replies Sir George. "But come—my wife—"

"Did me the honour of a visit at Vienne this day three weeks; and sent for me to her Quarters, the Lucrece's head; and by my soul I was struck dumb before I could get a word out of my mouth. So she told me she was come from Lausanne purely to ask my pardon for the injury she had done me unknowingly. And I could have spared you the trouble, says I, for I have forgiven it long ago. But she would bother me with the long and the short of it, and after all it was nothing but Mr. Jeffamy. I believed every syllable of the matter, and why should I not? There was nothing extraordinary in it, and who can find in his heart not to believe a pretty woman in tears. Oh! such sorrow is quite contagious, and I could have cried too with all my soul, but for one of my father's precepts. Oh, he was the best scholar in all Ballyshannon, and he bad me take care how I got into the jaws of a crocodile, or the paws of a hyena. And saith I was in danger; for she told me, if she had the empire of the world, she would throw it at my feet, for I had fairly won her heart.

"And Sir George Osmond has fairly won mine, my dear, says I; by my soul he is a noble gentleman, and I would as soon think of making a cuckold of my father.

"Now the devil burn me if I know how this could offend a lady at all; and yet my Lady Os-

mond's pretty face was a fright, and of the colour of my mother's scarlet petticoat.

"Oh, I was a filthy monster, an indelicate brute; and a fellow without a soul. But by Jassus, says I, there is no end of these things. My mother was the best scold in all Ballyshannon, and if she did not pipe it away two or three hours a day, she was always troubled with an asthma next morning. So leaving Lady Osmond to finish with the tongs and poker, I made as fine a retreat to my quarters as the Chevalier de Bellelle did from Prague, the enemy firing as far as I could hear.

"The next day I was called to a conference by two billet doux; but I stuck close, my boy, till the arrival of a third, in which she was setting off for England in half an hour. Oh, says I, if the wind is in that quarter I shall do well enough; so I ventured the attack; and by St. Patrick was within an ace of a total defeat.

"I knew the lady's apartment, so had no occasion for an introduction; and there was she, reclined upon a sofa, the right leg, and a pretty leg it is, dangling a few inches below the petticoat, the toe just touching the floor and beating a tune upon it, which my father, the best scholar in Ballyshannon, called the Devil's tattoo, and why? because women played it when they were thinking of mischief. A handkerchief was thrown over her face, and left nothing of it to be seen but one half of her bosom, as white as Irish holland, and heaving up and down under a fine black gauze. May I never see the steeples of Tipperary, if I did not forget my father's precepts by the lump; so I took her by one hand to comfort her, and with the other she

she drew aside her snowy veil, and half opening her dear delicious eyes, with a long and heavy sigh, Oh barbarous O'Donnel, says she, are you come at last? and then, she panted so prettily for breath, that, oburn me, if I did not pant for breath too.

"Then with a voice so languishingly sweet ——— You are cruel, O'Donnel, said she, but I could not reconcile myself to the thought of parting with you ——— for ever, ((with another big sigh) without thanking you for your last generous favour.

"Never mind it, my dear, says I, you are heartily welcome; and our two hands pressed one another, as if they had been acquainted with our hearts. Oh, it would have been a lost moment, if it had not been the moment of relieving the guard. The drums beat, and the tumpets sounded ——— Ah, poor Cupid! I took a few chasty strides about the room ——— The lady rose from the sofa ——— the victory was compleat.

"No, my dear O'Donnel," says she, "I did not deserve your generosity, and it prospered accordingly. That rascal, my footman; how could you O'Donnel, leave me a prey to that detestable wretch! he robbed me of your favour, and every thing else I had of value. I was forced to sell cloaths to enable me to travel hither. I am a poor undone destitute creature, and what to do I don't know."

"Then I will tell you, my dear, says I. It is all because you left the road of honour, d'you see; and if you would get into it again, it would be all the better for you. Now here is a convent, Lady Osmond; I will place you in it, till I can write to Sir George in Italy; he is too generous

not to put it in your power to be good all your life long ; and by my soul, there is nothing like it."

"A Convent, O'Donnel!" says she; "*Mon Dieu!* and is that all your kindness? What barbarity! and could you have the heart to put me in a convent, O'Donnel?"

"Only to keep you out of harm's way Lady Osmond. By my soul, there is not a safer garri-son for a lady, in all France." "I detest France," says she, "and all its horrid convents."

"By St. Patrick, and France would do well enough without them. If I had money, Lady Osmond, I would give it, to carry you to England, freely; and as I have none I will borrow it."

"My dear O'Donnel, how kind, and how cruel you are! and must we then part, O'Donnel?"

"And indeed we must, Lady Osmond."

"But what signifies bothering you with all our talk, my dears, and we had enough of it. The dear creature consented at last to accept of thirty Louis d'ores, to carry her to England the next day. So I went and borrowed the money of my good friend Captain Parry, and he knew I could pay him again well enough; for I have one hundred and fifty pounds left of my inheritance, only I had lent it out to two or three honest tradesmen at Vienne. And I told Captain Parry the whole story, and sent him with the money too, for I did not chuse to stand another of Lady Osmond's batteries. And I never set my eyes upon the lady again till this morning, and how I came to do it then is all a riddle,

riddle, for Parry told me she was gone to England sure enough."

"How then," says Sir George, "could she be the cause of your coming hither to-day?"

"And how should she not?" replies O'Donnel; "when she run away hither with Lord Somersfort, and Lord Somersfort, with me? As how? Oh let me alone, my dear, and I will make it as clear as the sun and moon too."

Lord Somersfort has been at Vienne a week without letting me know any thing of the matter, and for what? To revenge the death of Captain Wycherley, his relation; and instead of calling me out like a gentleman, he went skulking up and down all the day like a thief in the night, amongst the men of the law, and the magistrates that took the depositions. And what do you think he said? That Patrick O'Donnel was a murderer, and ought to have been hanged upon a gibbet, instead of being tried by a court-martial. Oh I owe him good luck for that. And he was determined to bring the affair before a civil tribunal, and he could do it in a whistle; for Monsieur de Vergennes and he were hand and glove. And as to money, the devil a bit would he spare it; and let the court-martial look to itself, and the Count du Pleix too; he had interest enough at Versailles to make them tremble from the foot to the head."

"Some of the gentlemen of the law took his money, and gave him good words; others took it, and gave him bad ones——behind his back. The magistrates, except one or two that he bribed, laughed at him to his face, and swore that *mi*

lor

lor was *un enfant spirituel*, and understood the laws of France *a la merveille*.

“ At length it came to the ears of the Count du Pleix, who is *un enfant spirituel* too, but not of my Lord Somersfort’s breed. So he wrote my Lord a complaisant note to this effect ; that if he had brought with him into France the credentials of his title, he would do himself the honour to measure swords with him the next morning. If not, he was under the necessity of believing him to be some English petty-fogging lawyer ; and for the honour of the English nobility, he hoped it was so ; in which case he took the liberty to advise him as a friend to leave Vienne in twelve hours.

“ This was last night at ten o’clock, and my Lord, the devil burn him, took one half the advice, and left the town in fix ; and de Pla who brought me the news, kept bothering me in my quarters till past midnight, so that Lord Somersfort was half way to Grenoble before I could find him in Vienne, and after that I had my horse to seek, and when I was mounted I did not spare him at all, till I came within three miles of Grenoble, and there I found the valiant Lord Somersfort at his devotions, and by Jafus, St. Patrick himself never prayed with more fervour. I thought sure enough I was dropped into a society of military monks, one at his *Ora pro nobis*, and two more inflicting flagellation as a penance, and faith, they did not lay it on in joke.

“ But I have let you into the secret, my dears, before I knew it myself ; for there was a lady in a chaise, and two servants in livery belonging to it ; and two more keeping these under lock and key with their pistols cocked : And the

the lady kept wringing her hands, and crying out, for God's sake, help, they will murder him. I was always inclined from a child little to put my trust in the fair sex, so I rode up to the exercising gentleman with my sword drawn, swearing all the way in good Irish French. One of them came to meet me with his pistol, and who should it be but Captain Parry. The devil burn me, says I, but you use the gentleman ill, and I can't stand by and see it; and who is he? Oh, a very good friend of your's, says Parry; it is Lord Somerfort. By Jasus, says I, the very man I came to have a tilt with, and now you have made his sword stink; and what is the matter you can't put him to death like a gentleman?

"We offered him the choice of sword, or pistol with either of us, says Parry, but the noble Lord chose rather to be beat than die.

"Then I hope you have beat some courage into him, says I, and that I shall have the benefit of it.

"All this while Lieutenant Provet kept crying, damn ye, my Lord, if you are a Lord, you shall be taught what it is to rob honest men of their characters, and of their mistresses; laying on at the same time with the good will of a thrasher. Some of the blows had light upon Lord Somerfort's head and face, and blooded him very much, so I called out to Provet to stop, and by Jasus says I, this treatment is very cruel, and not at all honourable; a single stroke over the shoulders would have been disgrace enough, and what the devil is all this blood and bruises for? So, do you see, he shall have no more of it, and

and though I came to cut his throat, I will stand his friend for all that.

“ Will you so, Don Quixote ? says Parry. Well, it's not worth quarrelling for ; I believe we have all three had enough, and so we wish your Lordship a good morning. My name is Captain Parry, and this is Lieutenant Provet, two of the court-martial who cleared O'Donnel. We beg our compliments to Monsieur de Vergennes. The lady you may keep, and may she serve you as she did O'Donnel. So away they rode and their servants after them.

“ And what the devil did Parry mean, thinks I, by what he said about the lady. So I rode up to the chaise, and who should I find there but Lady Osmond. And how can this be, my dear, says I, when you're gone to England ?

“ What's that to you ? says she ; you took care to wash your hands of me, when you sold me for thirty Louis d'ores to Parry, so I am under no obligation to give you an account of my actions.

“ And that's true too, Lady Osmond ; and I don't desire it at all. But how do you mean that I sold you ?

“ You made him advance the money, and left me to settle with him as well as I could.

“ And how did you settle it, my Lady ?

“ She answered only by a look, and the devil take me if there is the fellow to it in all Connaught. And this was all that passed betwixt us, for the the servants had helped Lord Somersfort to limp to the chaise, and faith he did not look like a Lord at all. So away they drove and I followed them to this very inn, where my Lord was put to bed, and physicians sent for, and they

they have been bleeding and purging of him ever since."

So ended O'Donnell's story, and so for the present ends mine. How I got time to write it you will know in my next.

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

Miss SINGLETON to Mrs. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

WE are made extremely happy here by two letters, of which I send you copies, announcing the return of the travellers; and the old Justice, whom you first taught to look upwards, after the fall of Lord Winterbottom, is by a continuance of the same management, brim full of happiness, and cracks his jokes, when he has any to crack, as well as the best of us.

But his cup of felicity has lately overflowed on account of the loves of Miss Peggy and her Knight, which was introduced to his knowledge, much after the following manner.

"I know not what to do with this daughter of your's, Sir," says Sir Ambrose: "You certainly would not have bred her up to have a will of her own, if you could have foreseen what use she would have made of it."

"How long is it Sir Ambrose, since you took upon you to answer for her."

"Very true Sir; but I shall take care how I shall become responsible again. To be sure it is not in taste for young ladies to consult Papas about a husband; but me——a tender friend, you know——considering the man she has fixed

fixed upon, she might have asked my consent at least."

"I can't help thinking," says the Justice, "since I keep the key of the strong box, it would be as well to ask mine also. But I shall know sometime I suppose."

"You shall know now, Sir; I am determined to keep the secret no longer. And yet I can scarce tell you for laughing at the preposterous idea. What do you think she can possibly see in me, Sir, fit to make a husband of?"

"You, Sir Ambrose!"

"Me—Me—*ipsum*."

"That will not pass, Sir Ambrose, no, not for a joke. I know the girl has too little wisdom to make such a choice."

"Dear Papa," says Peggy, "you are always evil treating my little wisdom; and I don't know why neither; it is a good younger sister's portion, and I am content."

"So shall I be, Peggy, when I see such an effect of it."

"Why Papa, the Man's dying for love of me."

"Is he indeed, Pegg? And that's a proof of *his* wisdom, is it?"

"It is not the fashion to chuse wise men for husbands, Papa; and where should we find them, if it was. No indeed Sir, I don't take him for his wisdom, but because he frets and vexes me; I shall never be quiet till I take him, and then the man will be peaceable enough. As to wisdom, that comes, you know Sir, with grey beards; which perhaps is the reason why women never have it all their lives long; or grow ashamed of it, if they have, and pluck it up
with

with pinchers. Now look upon his broad face, Papa; how it approaches already to the venerable. That is one of my reasons for taking him. And then I shan't be removed to another parish, and so put to trouble about a fresh settlement, as your worship knows many a poor creature is, the more's the pity. So, I can nurse you still, Papa, when you have got the gout;" (taking him round the neck and kissing him.)

"You little coaxing puss," says the Justice, "tell me if you are in jest or earnest?"

"In very sad earnest indeed, Papa."

"And you Sir Ambrose?"

"In very joyful earnest I assure you, Sir. To tell you the plain truth, I took a monstrous liking to her long ago, but being at least a dozen years older, never durst tell her so. You know I have been happy enough to do some small service to Miss Annabella, which this young lady and I talking over one afternoon in that shady bower, rather in the penseroso way, she was seized with such a sudden flow of gratitude, that, without thinking what I was about, I trusted her with my secret. When it was fairly out, she fell a laughing, and told me I had saved her from a terrible nonplus; for she had taken a fancy to have made love to me, and was puzzling herself how to set about it. Thus, my dear Sir," continues Sir Ambrose, "we have proceeded to carry on the most important event of human life with much good humour and little solemnity. Nature has cast our minds, though not our bodies in the same mould, and, if we can obtain your approbation, I am convinced the most serious pair of lovers, that ever said or

sung their passion, pathos, and their sentiment, never stood a fairer chance for happiness."

"Give me your hand, Sir Ambrose," says the Justice, "you have made me as happy as a prince. Peggy, I have wished for this a thousand times. I'll give thee 20,000*l.* down."

"Not a penny," replies Sir Ambrose, "whilst you live. As I design it for portions for six or seven of my daughters, it is impossible to place it in safer or in better hands. My rent roll I will send you down to-morrow morning; please yourself as to settlements, but keep your money. I shall keep the gypsey to hard fare and hard work."

"Well, well," says the Justice, "we will settle all this when the travellers come; we shall have another such a job there I suppose."

Yesterday, Sir Ambrose informed us of his intention to set out for London to day.

"And for what," says Miss Peggy?"

"Why, in the first place, I must go to look at Mrs. Wyman, for I find it needful to use the evidence of my own eyes and ears, as to the reports you have raised about her. Secondly, I begin to be uneasy about my dear and affectionate sister, who may be in distress, for ought I know, and too proud to own it. And what must we do with her, Peggy, when we have got her?"

"What did you intend to do with her, Sir Ambrose, if you had not determined to play the fool and marry?"

"Oh, reinstate her, by all means in her ancient domestic occupations, of making tea, and gooseberry tarts. I must confess I had many obligations to my dear sister. Though a man does happen, like me, to be overloaded with virtues,
like

like a sword in a scabbard, they may rust for want of use. One in particular, my patience, I own she did exercise abundantly."

"I don't like to promise too much before hand," says Miss Peggy, "but I dare engage you shall not miss her on that account."

"Thank you, Peggy. It is right to have some confidence in one's own abilities, but you must allow my sister the common superiority arising from long habits. The true splenetic arts are not acquired in a day."

"Splenetic arts! Poor gentlewoman! I know her very well. She has only a few innocent old-maidenly foibles about her. If you have no worse to bear from a wife, friend, you may thank heaven once a day, at least."

"Two evils, Peggy, are worse than one."

"There it is now, Polly; men don't always know what is good for them. Health and sunshine would never be valued as they ought, but for clouds and head-achs. A wife of my angel temper and other celestial attributes! The blessing would be lost upon you, man, but for a little mortal contrast; and let me alone to find it."

"Let it be thy own, Peggy, however; do not borrow foreign aids."

"Well, but Sir Ambrose, this case has a right to be treated with a little more seriousness than we have yet bestowed upon it. Mrs. Wycherley, be her weaknesses what they may, must be at present exceedingly unhappy. She calls for all the consolation that can be bestowed upon her. Never shall it be said that I turned aside the stream of comfort that ought to flow from a brother. She must for a long time be too wretch-

ed to be peevish. This affliction may in some measure new mould her. If it does not, it will be time enough to take measures when we feel ourselves hurt. I pay myself the compliment of thinking I can bear with a little peevishness of temper as well as most women

“Thank me for that——hah, Peggy,” says the Justice, with one of his best humoured looks.

“Well, then, thank you, Papa, if you deserve it. (Kissing him). But tell me, Papa, am not I in the right in this argument?”

“Very much so, Peggy; however, that Mrs. Wycherley may not consider herself as mistress of the house, as usual, perhaps Sir Ambrose will think proper to invite her for a time.”

“I believe, after all,” says Sir Ambrose, “you must leave me to act to the best of my judgment after having seen and conversed with her; I know thy mind about it, Peggy; and dearly will I love thee for it.”

So ended this conversation, and Sir Ambrose sets out to-day or to-morrow.

I am, my dear Mrs. Wyman's

M. SINGLETON.

Mr. OSMOND to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER.

Lyons.

WHEN O'Donnel had finished the tale with which I concluded my last, we began to suspect that the noble Lords, Somerfort and Winterbottom, though two in title, might be one only in personal identity; and upon this supposition, we debated whether it was worth while

while to take a neighbourly concern about him, or pursue our journey, and leave him to his fate. The latter opinion had so large a majority, that O'Donnel himself gave up his opposition, and consented to return with us to Vienne.

"And by Jafus, (says he,) if I could get leave of my Colonel, I would go along with you whilst there was a bit of land in France—and over sea too, but for the service; and I don't like it at all."

"How came you in it," asked Sir George?

"I was after obeying my Father (replies O'Donnel,) and I did it all the days of my life; and he would have got me a commission in the English Irish service, but you make such a noise and a bother amongst you about religion, as if a Roman Catholic could not be faithful to his King and country; but he may well enough. So we are forced to go over to France, to give you a knock now and then in Germany, to teach you more sense, and faith you deserve it too."

"But you acknowledge the Pope and the Pretender," says Sir George.

"The devil a Pretender is there worth acknowledging at all, (replies O'Donnel;) and as to the Pope, we pray and eat fish when he bids us; but we fight for the king that pays us, and that we have sworn allegiance too; and did you ever hear of an Irishman's breaking his word?"

"So, you would not accept an equal commission in the English service," says Sir George?

"The devil burn me if I would, my dear; and why? because the two countries are at war, you know; and it's directly against the point of honour; and a soldier without honour is no better than a parson without religion."

"Then you must die in foreign service, if the war continues long enough."

"Indeed and I must, unless my elder brother should die without heirs; and why not, if it pleases God? Then I can throw up my commission, and retire to my estate, without breaking my honour at all."

"But not accept a commission to serve your country?"

"By St. Patrick, my name sake, and its a case of conscience. If Ireland was Ireland, do you see, why not? But its England too, more shame for it; and while it wants spirit, you will never want oppression, my dear."

"Well, (says Sir George,) your country is going to recover her lost rights; America restores them to her."

"And I thank her with all my soul; and I wish her good luck for it, by sea and land, and every other country too that deserves it. And what occasion is there for all this bullying and hectoring? and keeping one country in dependance upon another? By my soul they will govern themselves well enough if you'll let them alone."

"Well, we shall let them alone soon, (replies Sir George;) Men will not be always under the empire of the moon; and when we have peace, and if your brother *will* live"——

"And why should he not, (says O'Donnell,) if it please God?"

"Then let *me* be your brother, O'Donnell; and either in England or Ireland, procure you a little independance, and my country a brave fellow for a friend."

"And by my soul, there is not a man in the world I would sooner accept it of than you——and why? Because you would only ask payment for it
in

in honest gratitude, and that I could pay well enough."

"Then I am three hundred a year in your debt, O'Donnel, and the sooner you demand it, the more you will please and oblige me; so don't let us say a word more of the matter."

"And by Jafus I can't"—says O'Donnel, with a voice broken and interrupted, the tears starting into his eyes.

Never, dear Archer, was I better pleased. Sir George changed the conversation; and the evening, as news-papers have it, concluded with the greatest festivity.

The next morning presented us with a very different scene. The consultation was over, and the faculty had declared Lord Somerfort in danger. Two Dominicans and a Franciscan hovered about his apartment, expressing great apprehensions concerning the state of the noble Lord's soul. They had made repeated offers of service, which were treated with neglect, but the pious souls, above resentment, still persisted. They even grew clamorous, and increased the confusion so that the family business went heavily on. It was with difficulty we obtained our breakfast, and two hours after the hour appointed, our horses were still not ready.

When, at length, we were upon the point of departing, a footman, whom I had formerly seen at Barham Downs, came with compliments from Lord Somerfort, and a request that Sir George Osmond and I would favour him with a visit.

We found him in bed, his eyes sunk, his face cadaverous, and just enough of his ancient feature remaining to shew us we were not mistaken in conjecturing Lord Winterbottom to be the same personage.

"Gen-

"Gentlemen," says he, with a faint voice, "I cannot see you without infinite shame and confusion—but I am dying; and the approach of death changes the appearances of earthly objects. I have now no more to do with pride. My remaining moments are too few for penitence and atonement. You, Mr. Osmond, ever since I knew you, 'I have basely injured. This night of pain and anguish, has taught me the vanity as well as meanness of all my pursuits. Born to a noble inheritance, which I have dissipated in part, and to a title which I have totally disgraced, Oh, could I but have added the integrity of virtue, I might have lived an honour, as I now die a shame to my country. From my youth, my faculties have been perverted; and so perverted, that even experience, bitter experience, could not teach me wisdom. Baffled in my late infamous attempt on Miss Whitaker, my mind scorning the noble lesson you so lately gave me, was open only to the suggestions of revenge. This base passion drew me to Vienne, in hopes to find some circumstance relative to the death of Wycherley, which I might use against you. There, Sir George, I found Lady Osmond. She has been my fate."

Lord Winterbottom grew too weak to proceed, and we took that opportunity to assure him, that whatsoever his former conduct might have been, his present sentiments entitled him to our compassion and forgiveness. Thus ended our first conversation, for my Lord was unable now to say what he wished, and only requested us with great earnestness, to stay at Grenoble a few hours, and favour him with another interview. We complied, and I made use of that interval to write my last letter to England.

Whether

Whether morning consultations amongst the gentlemen of the faculty take a tincture from the gravity of their minds, then occupied in the profoundest meditations, I know not; but it is certain that this *apres diner* consultation had less of gloom, and partook something more of the hilarity of the hour. In short, Lord Winterbottom was indulged with a renovating medicine, and the sentence of hope was pronounced in his favour.

This, though it gave him some spirits, did not change his penitential turn; and he inveighed against himself with much acrimony. Amongst other matters, he lamented bitterly a series of conduct which must render him an alien to his country.

"And why so?" says Sir George. "It is no uncommon thing for men to fall into errors in the youthful part of their lives; repair them as they advance; and die at length in age and honour."

"Whilst I was rich, (replied my Lord,) and not publicly infamous, I might pay myself for the contempt of the few who, like Sir Ambrose Archer, knew me too well, with the adulation of the many who knew me not at all. But this last vile attempt to mend my shattered fortunes must be known to the world at large, and those shattered fortunes with it. All my vices, my follies, will be brought into circulation, and I must be sunk still lower than I am, if I could bear to live, where I knew myself the subject of perpetual obloquy."

"My Lord, (says I,) it depends upon us, a few confidential friends, and yourself, whether this last, and I hope greatest of your Lordship's failings shall be known, except in whispers, to the world, or no. As long as we can suppose your Lordship in earnest to exhibit the proper virtues
of

of your rank and dignity in life, you may be assured we shall lose all considerations of personal enmity, and hail with unfeigned pleasure your return to virtue and your country."

"You make me, (says my Lord,) more and more ashamed of my own littleness. Yet I can believe what you say. As a proof that you are capable of acting in this noble manner, I need only reflect that I became not, in my own name, the subject of discourse for all the coffee-houses and taverns in Milan. I frequented them in various disguises, and was surprized to find my story little known, and less regarded. How could I, after this, go to Vienne with that rancour in my heart! Yet it will, it must be salutary. If I die, I die not without repentance; if I live, I cannot again be what I have been."

Thus we went on, dear Archer, saying very fine things on both sides, till my Lord, emboldened as he said by our goodness, ventured upon the subject that lay next his heart.

"Here, Gentlemen," says he, "is my will, which I have caused to be made to-day. My first request is that you will see it properly authenticated. Next, I intreat you, Sir George, to permit me to deposit it in your hands, together with some other papers containing the state of my affairs. My third request is, that you will not open the packet till you arrive in England. And my last, that you will grant me a portion of your correspondence if I live, whilst I am absent from my country. I know this is too much to ask, but do not—you will not refuse me. It is the characteristic of goodness to propagate itself."

Lord Winterbottom spoke with so much energy, that we believed him sincere. We were certainly so. There is such a charm in penitence, and

and true contrition, I know not of what materials the heart must be made that can withstand it.

After the will was attested in the necessary forms, Lord Winterbottom, apologising for a still further encroachment upon Sir George's goodness, told him, there was another penitent, he hoped, as sincere as himself. He had insinuated to Lady Osmond that her stay with him was incompatible with his present state of mind, and advised her to throw herself upon Sir George's mercy. She professes, continued Lord Winterbottom, a determination to return to the paths of virtue, and only requests to be supported above want, in any part of the world, Sir George shall please to allot her.

"Sir George's reply to this was short and peremptory.

"I cannot," "says he, "be brought to believe a tittle of that woman's conversion; nor, if I can help it, will I ever see her more. She shall not however have want to plead as a cause of infamy; I will allow her at present two hundred pounds a year, and give her leave to chuse any place of residence, London excepted. If her behaviour deserves it I will increase her allowance; if not I will diminish it. Here is her first half year, (giving him a bank note) and let not another word be said upon the ungrateful subject."

When Sir George is resolved, there is something so determined in his air and manner, that leaves no room for intreaty. Lord Winterbottom acquiesced; so after remaining another half hour we took our leave, though too late to leave Grenoble that night. The next morning having informed ourselves that Lord Winterbottom had found

found in himself no considerable alteration for better or worse, we set out, and came to Vienne to dinner. Before we could enjoy this repast however we found ourselves under the necessity of waiting upon the Count du Pleix. This sensible officer considered as a blemish in O'Donnel, his violent propensities whenever the point of honour was concerned, and had determined to give him a public lesson upon the subject.

For this purpose a guard was ordered to take him into custody the moment he alighted at his quarters. The Count was so obliging as to reason the case with us, and indeed, little reasoning was necessary. O'Donnel, beside the original fault of running headlong to his own revenges, had been guilty of a breach of discipline; and the Count had determined to give him a public reprimand for both, at the head of his officers. All we could obtain was to change it to a private one, after a few days confinement. This rendered Vienne disagreeable to us, and taking leave of O'Donnel, we came to Lyons the same evening. The ladies having fatigued themselves with seeing the curiosities of this fine town are now taking a few hours repose. Sir George and the Professor are determining the true path of projectiles over a pipe and a bottle of Burgundy; and I am writing to Archer and Wyman for the last time I hope from the continent.

Dear friends male and female prepare your hands, your lips, and above all, your hearts, for the reception of

HENRY OSMOND.

et Ceteros, et Ceteras, et Cetera.

Sir

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Miss PEGGY
WHITAKER.

London.

HOW have I been deceived in you, Peggy ! I thought all angels had been, infallible ; and for ought I see, they form their opinions like such meet mortal creatures as myself. You supposed I should find my dear and temperate sister unhappy, mortified, humbled, mild, and flexible as the bending reed. I found her indeed with the utmost ease, for the lone house maid at the deserted Lord Winterbottom's directed me to her lodgings at the first application. She received me with an air of dissatisfaction that seemed to say, you have used me ill, Sir, and I shall resent it.

" And what have I done to you, Patty," says I, " that you receive me so sullenly."

" I suppose you are come to tutor me," says she ; " but I must inform you I am old enough to be my own mistress."

" So you always were, Patty ; at least ever since I can remember : But why should you think I come to tutor you ?"

" Because it was always your way, when your lordly will was contradicted." (Mind that Peggy).

" Humph !" says I to myself. " Who are you ?" says a foreign voice. At the same instant my ears were delighted with a fine ring of bells, played by a squirrel in a cage ; and invaded by the shrill scream of a canary bird. " Who are you, rogue, rogue?" continues the voice.

VOL. II.

R

" I am,"

"I am," says I, addressing myself to a lady in green, at the upper end of the room; "I am only a fool."

"Rogue, Rogue," says the lady.

I gave up the dispute directly.

"Sister," says I, "I came to town fearing you might stand in need of comfort; I am glad you are so well provided."

"Comfort indeed! I say comfort—
when—"

"When what, Patty?"

"When you left me to hear of Captain Wycherley's death by the wheel of fortune; and I warrant I heard it twenty ways."

"And how must I have communicated it, Patty? Must I have directed to Mrs. Wycherley, in France, or Flanders? When you honoured me with the happy tidings of your nuptials, you said you were going to make the tour of Europe, I think."

"And so we was. Pray, brother, who are you in mourning for?"

"Who are you in mourning for, sister?"

"Why you won't go for to make me believe you put on black, for Captain Wycherley?"

"No, Patty; I put it on in compliment to my sister."

"I wish you could make me believe it."

"I wish so too. What prevented your journey to the continent?"

"Lord Winterbottom sent for the Captain post, upon life and death."

"Did you expect him back soon?"

"Yes sure: Why not?"

"I wonder he would burthen himself with so much money?"

"He

"He went away in such haste," says my sister, "that——hat——"

"He forgot to leave the money behind him I suppose; but that's a trifle. You were secure of his affection, no doubt. Shall I shew you in what a handsome manner Lord Winterbottom speaks of you, Patty?"

"No," says my conscious sister; "I don't desire to know any thing about it. All men are alike, I think. False, perfidious, and ungrateful. He used me barbarously, and you are come to insult my sorrows. But I have fortune enough left yet, not to be beholden to any body. If I had not——God help me——see how it would be."

"How would it be, Patty?"

"I should not have a brother's kindness to boast of."

"I hope you are mistaken, Sister. But what will be the consequence, if, as a few people die without, Mr. Wycherley should have heirs? Half your fortune will be theirs, unless you have secured it by articles."

"Good God, Brother, are you in earnest?"

"I am. How much did Wycherley rob you of?"

My sister began to find her tears.

"Upwards of two thousand pounds," says she; "the barbarous monster——he left me but fifty."

"Well sister, by great good luck, I can give you some comfort as to this particular. Here is one thousand nine hundred pounds of the money." At the same time I gave her an account of our manner of recovering it, which necessari-

ly included that of her husband's death. The grief of this was something alleviated by the other, and I had not the least occasion to use my bottle of sal volatile, which like a tender brother, I had taken care to provide. In short, my sister's good humour seemed to be so great, that I ventured to ask her, smilingly, if she had provided me with an heir?

Unhappily, she has no talents for a joke, and the whole fabric of good humour seemed about to give way at once.

"Then I find it necessary to provide one for myself," says I, "and luckily, Miss Peggy Whittaker has promised her assistance."

My dear sister opened her mouth, in order to hear the better I suppose, for not a syllable issued out of it. —

"And she sends her compliments to you, Patty, and hopes you will spend the first year of her marriage at Barham Downs."

"The first year!" says she; "the first year! Oh, I see what is meant by the formality of that compliment; but indeed I shan't trouble her. I should never have thought of the first year!"

"You are so amazing'y good humoured, Patty, that I dare say she will be happy to have you a perpetual resident."

This opened the whole sluices of my sister's eloquence, and she demonstrated with great rapidity that you was a young fool and I was an old one. There was no denying it, Peggy; all that I could answer, was, I should have been happy to have followed the example of my amiable elder sister in the wisdom of my choice, but no counterpart of Mr. Wycherley presenting herself,

herself, I was forced to fall in love as well as I was able.

" Shall I tell Miss Peggy that you don't approve of it ? I dare say she'll let me off at the first asking. And, indeed, Patty, I must do you the justice to say, she is by no means a proper person to come after you as a mistress. She has neither your dignity nor terror. So I suppose we shall have the maids running about their business in a morning singing wicked love songs, instead of hiding themselves at your approach."

Here Peggy, I got a downright hearty scold ; and an assurance that she would not come to Barham Downs at all. She would not——That she would not——to be made game of both by me and that flirt, Peggy.

" Don't call names, Patty, if you can help it ; nor let a trifle ruffle that sweet serenity of temper. I shall return into the country in a few days, shall I have your company ?"

" No, indeed."

" Good-morrow Patty ; I will call upon you this evening again ; you may change your resolution perhaps."

" Rogue, Rogue," says the lady in green.

" Good morrow, Madam."

As to my own proper person, Peggy, I have disposed of it at Counsellor Wyman's, whose wife, for ought I know, may be enchanted. It is certain she fascinates others. But I having the happiness to be bewitched before hand, am out of the power of her sorceries. And let my sorceress look to it. An enlightened sage here has presented me with a magic circle of extraordinary powers. The moment I get her into it, she shall pay me for the stupefaction she has shed over my senses, in the midst of those gay scenes which

once ravished me, and still ravish my friends and neighbours. Powers of sight and sounds ; where are your influence fled ! Reynolds paints ——— and I stare. Giardini plays ——— and I yawn. I am a fool to trust thee with this secret, Peggy.

So no more at present from thy love inspired—ing,

I mean,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Miss SINGLETON to Mrs. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

IT is impossible, my dear Mrs. Wyman, to describe the joy, the pleasure, the happiness, which have flowed in upon us since the arrival of the travellers. The men indeed bear it with tolerable composure, but Miss Peggy is out of her right wits, and Miss Annabella, though of a graver deportment, has much ado to be wise. Their sensations have more than once drawn tears of pleasure from the eyes of every man in the room ; and the old Justice twinkles, hems, coughs, and chuckles ; it would do any savage heart good to see him.

Sir George Osmond is a portly well looking gentleman with a sickly countenance, (you know where I was born, Kitty), his brow marked with the contemplative wrinkle. He knows still less than Mr. Wyman how to talk small talk, but what he can he does ; he endeavours to attend with all his strength ; unfortunately his habits of absence are too strong for a politeness, that is, as one may say, new-born. When he does speak, however, nobody wishes him silent. It is easy to perceive he is the deepest thinker of

of the company; and he often makes the ladies amends for his solidity, by a fine vein of serious irony.

Mr. Henry Osmond has all the graces of politeness, and all the softness of sensibility. His conversation has in it more perhaps of taste, than of deep erudition, but he has every art of pleasing, combined with an uniform desire to please; and without being officious, is the most amiable and delicately attentive lover I ever beheld.

A Physiognomist would swear to the goodness of the Professor's heart by a single peep at his countenance. Sir George and he, though of different opinions in religious matters, entertain a high respect for each other. Sir George has free notions; the Professor is an unbigotted Catholic. It is pleasant to see them towards the close of a debate, descending from the altitudes of controversy; each conceding till they meet half way.

Miss M—— is a rare character amongst women; a good-humoured old maid; and rarer still, without pretensions to beauty or superior sense, and without envy of those women who possess them.

Shall I go on with my characters? You will be delighted with the portrait of Miss Polly Singleton, a young Irish lady of great quality, beauty, merit, and fortune; with all these requisites, she is, as the French say, past the turn. The whole group, yesterday, males and females, were bewailing her virginity; and never shall your lamentations cease, says I, till a Wyman, an Archer, or an Osmond, drops into my mouth. Sir George informed me, he had the honour to be an Osmond, and a cuckold, a dignity the gentlemen I had mentioned were not likely to arrive at.

Willingly

Willingly would he have knelt, and laid his *blushing* honours at my feet, but that he must first apply for leave to a celebrated personage of ghastly fame, who was never yet known to have the least degree of complaisance; or to a set of courteous gentlemen who have sometimes indeed too much; and who, as to the point in question, have feeling hearts; but who are unhappily manacled by such a set of forms, that many an honourable man prefers the hard tyranny of a mistress to the soft dominion of a wife, rather than go through them.

I told Sir George, that as I did not wish to enter the holy state with any violent eclat, I chose to wait the determination of the first mentioned personage; so you see me now, Lady Osmond expectant.

Mrs. Wycherley condescended at last to accompany Sir Ambrose home, on the single condition that she should not be separated from her parrot and her squirrel. There are reasons of widowhood, why we have not yet been introduced in form, though I don't know them; but Miss Peggy has paid her a private visit, and is returned a wonderful favourite. Mrs. Wycherley's favourite mode of conversation is satire, and she had the peculiar politeness of turning it upon her brother. Miss Peggy allowed all the knight's bad qualities, and was determined, she said, to make him a new creature; and, with great gravity of countenance, hoped for the assistance of a lady who knew him so well. Mrs. Wycherley did allow that nobody knew her brother so well as herself, and also that she would lend her aid to the salutary work of reformation; on which they parted the best friends in the world.

Mr. Wyman will be wrote to, to hasten hither to give directions to Lawyers about settlements, and

and a world of such matrimonial frippery; and also to be present at the opening Lord Winterbottom's papers. I have obtained leave to spend that time with my dear Kitty (Mrs. Wyman I mean) on condition we both return to the weddings, which are to be celebrated in about a month. So you will see in two or three days your own

M. SINGLETON.

Mr. WYMAN to Mrs. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

THEY say here, you are a woman of a thousand; Kate; and so you ought to be, Madam, before you can reasonably expect such a loving piece of good husbandship as a letter at such a time, and from such a place. We are here five jolly fellows, all dwelling at Sir Ambrose Archer's, in the bachelor way; our mornings are taken up with law, politics (thank God we have no physic) and divinity; our evenings with dinner, and supper, and love, all which we take at Mr. Justice Whitaker's. Very few, besides yourself, can conceive the happiness and good humour with which we abound. The contents of Lord Winterbottom's will, and his packet, I did intend for a conversation piece; but a woman's curiosity being a ravenous wild beast——We will say no more about it. Imprimis, The noble Earl declares that he is very sorry for his naughty tricks, and that he is determined, if he leads any life at all, to lead a new one without fraud or covin. That as the Doctors tell him, in the morning, he is likely to die, and in the evening, he is likely to live, he has thought it best to provide for both cases.

In

In the first, Sir George Osmond is sole executor; his unentailed estates are to be sold, together with all his furniture, goods and chattels, of every sort and kind (except as hereafter excepted) to pay his debts. If there is an overplus, he directs certain legacies; the remainder (with the entailed estate) to his heir.

The exceptions are, first his jewels, which he bequeaths to Miss Annabella, together with his music and musical instruments, and which he earnestly intreats her to accept, as an atonement for his injuries. Secondly, his library in town and country, which he bequeaths to Mr. Osmond. Thirdly, his cabinet of natural curiosities, and his mathematical instruments to Sir George; and lastly, his prints and pictures to Sir Ambrose Archer.

If he lives, he has determined to spend ten years abroad, confining himself to 1000*l.* per annum; by which time, he supposes, his estate will be free, and his follies forgot. In this case, he gives to Annabella what, in the other, he had bequeathed; and lends, earnestly intreating him to accept the loan, to Mr. Osmond his house in town, with that at Barham Downs, together with the use of all the furniture.

In consequence of this arrangement of my Lord's, ours, I believe, will be as follows. Mr. Osmond will accept the loan, if my Lord lives, and buy his house here if he does not; the Justice evacuates his own family mansion to live half a year with one daughter, and half a year with the other. The said mansion, to become the property, *pro tempore*, of Counsellor William Wyman and his wife Kate; Sir George is to keep his London house, and to allow free ingress and egress to Sir Ambrose Archer, and his moiety,
and

and Sir Ambrose in return, allows the same at Barham Downs to Sir George. Thus good fellowship is to be kept up amongst us, us, the chosen few, till time shall be no more. As far as appearances will warrant the conjecture, the first who will break this family compact, will be Sir George Osmond. It is true, his disorder does not at present increase, but, unless he will submit to a severer regimen than he will hear of at present, I doubt it must. His virtues so far overbalance his foibles, that the more he is known, the more he is beloved. His solitary propensities have wholly given way to the love of society; but it is to the society of our little circle only; and by our little circle will his loss be deeply regretted. But it is against our institutes to dwell upon these melancholy anticipations, and, in this respect, at least, our institutes are wise. In four days I shall quit the happiness I now possess. I know where I shall regain it, with interest.

Adieu—Yours,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Miss PEGGY WHITAKER to Miss POLLY SINGLETON.

Barham Downs.

"THE motions of bodies included in a given space, are the same among themselves, whether that space is at rest, or moves uniformly forward in a right line."

"Whence it follows," says Sir George, "that you two gentlemen, *vis a vis*, your ladies in a coach, may make love, and play your pitty parties, sitting, every bit as well as in a parlour."

Whereupon, we all went to Canterbury.

For

For you must know, Polly, that when this little journey was first proposed, our gentlemen did demur a little, as Mr. Wyman says, without any visible cause, but idleness; till Sir George complimented them with Love, as the more respectable ill quality of the two. The design of it, however, was to conduct Sir George, Mr. Wyman, the Professor, and Miss M——, so far on their way to London, where they are to remain till after the celebration of certain nuptials you wot of, these being supposed to create hurry burlesques not at all to Sir George's taste.

"It looks, (says the Professor) this Canterbury Cathedral, as if it had been built for the *Dii inferni*; it is indeed a very solemn temple; and these fine brown antiques, which I suppose you dignify with the name of statues, were hewed, ready finished, out of the quarry, for expedition sake."

"If you modern Italians, (replies Sir George) were of the old Roman breed, this criticism might be pardoned. If you were true Vandals, you would confess your fathers, by the holy horror you would feel at the sight of this venerable dome. But this irreverence, and the great church at Milan, the eighth wonder of the world, prove, that you are bastards both by father and mother."

"That's hard indeed," says the Professor, "but I don't clearly perceive the justness of the conclusion."

"It is clear on the side of the Vandals," says Sir George, "by your want of taste for the awful, the sublime of this reverend pile; and what old Roman would have destroyed the simple and the beautiful as you have done in the Milan cathedral, by a profusion of statues, above, below, and

and round about, peeping out of every hole and corner, and confounding all the little symmetry you had. And the statue of that fine gentleman-like Saint, Bartholomew, who wears his skin round his waist, in the genteelest manner in the world, and frights women into labour; compare it with the Apollo of Belvidere, or the statue of Laocoon, and then deny your bastardy, if you are able."

"This is, (says the Professor) the most ingenious way of proving nothing, that ever I heard. Let us now go see the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket; that I may say I have seen one monument at least of once existing faith, in the country of heretic Britons."

"One monument, (replies Sir George) that we were once bit by the Italian tarantula."

"Sister Peggy?"

"Sister Annabella,"

"What have you said to Miss Singleton concerning the time of their coming down?"

"Why nothing. When giddy girls are about to be married, they think of nothing else. Thank God, I am not a giddy girl; I can think of more important matters."

"Let me see.—Bless me, what a Canterbury tale have you been telling, and as much to the purpose as——"

"Stop, Annabella; don't venture upon any rash uncouth simile now; it will spoil the period."

"Dear Sister! I wish I could get you to be a little serious. Upon so solemn an occasion, methinks——"

"Yes, Sister! as you say, upon so solemn an occasion——"

"Madame le Prince de Beaumont says, a well educated young woman will never undertake the

marriage duties, without thinking as seriously of them, as of her latter end."

"Then you are a well educated young woman, Annabella, and obey Madame le Prince de Beaumont to a tittle. And what, pray, are the result of your reflections?"

"That let matrimony be entered into under the happiest auspices, still there is something in it, awful——"

"Yes, awful!——like Canterbury Cathedral, I suppose."

"Dear Peggy! do be serious. I say there is something which must strike every considerate mind with apprehension."

"Of being robbed, Annabella, is that it?"

"Pshaw! To be transferred into a new family—To subject our wills to the wills of others—To have the sphere of our duty enlarged—to put off old, and acquire new habits——"

"I bar that article, Annabella; you are the first woman that ever complained of new cloaths as a grievance."

"Wild, fanciful creature! There are considerations however that must strike you. To make a solemn vow of love, honour, and obedience——To lose——"

"O yes,——they must be lost to be sure."

"What?"

"Our Maiden-names——you meant so did not you?"

"I'll talk no more to you Peggy; write what you please."

"Then I'll finish my Canterbury tale. No, I'll finish my sister's eulogium on matrimony. But first I'll finish my letter."

"Well

“ Well but seriously now, Peggy, don’t you think the several duties of a wife and mother merit some degree of respect and attention ?”

“ Yes seriously I do, Annabella ; but you know I never cry but when I am left to myself in the dark. Then, I have my apprehensions as well as more thinking ladies, especially when I consider what sort of beings we may be called upon to assist in making up ; not merely mortal good Christian men and women, but senators perhaps, or bishops, or judges, or commanders in chief. But then I comfort myself again with considering that all a good mother can do, is to cram her children with wise precepts, half a crown a thousand ; whip them every Monday morning, and leave the rest to fate.”

“ Yes, you are admirably qualified for a mother indeed. My system will be different. Instead of rods and plums, I shall make use of frowns and smiles ; and as to precepts I intend to make them one by one, as occasions require, and take care never to overstock the market. For these, and a thousand such like purposes, I think reflection a very useful article.”

“ Reflection, Annabella, produces wisdom in some heads, and stupidity in others. I am of the latter generation.”

“ You would not undertake a profession, Peggy, which requires thought, if you knew yourself incapable of bestowing any ?”

“ No, Annabella ; but I see women every day become wives, ay, and mothers too, without any thought at all.”

“ But good wives, and good mothers, Peggy !”

“ Well, if it is such a terrible piece of business, Annabella, suppose we give it up, and betake ourselves

selves to chastity, cards, and scandal, the solid comforts of old-maidenship."

"The remedy is worse than the disease."

"You are hard to be pleased, Annabella: Since you neither like to be a wife, nor a maid, there is but one other way that I can think of; and I dare say the gentlemen will come into it at the very first word."

"Worse and worse, Peggy."

"Nothing can be so embarrassed, to be sure, as a woman distracted by the choice of her pleasures, or her plagues. And what at last, shall I say to Mrs. Wyman, and Polly Singleton? Come or not come?"

"What you please, Peggy."

"Then I please to order them, immediately on the receipt of this, into a post-chaise; and let their driving be like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for in all unavoidable cases, it is the way of the world to run headlong into danger, to get rid of the apprehension; and if ever you become a connoisseur at Tyburn, Annabella, you will see the finest, bravest fellows, most impatient to dispatch the parson, and get their necks into the halter."

Make haste then, Polly; it may one day be your own case; do therefore as you would be done by.

Adieu.

M. WHITAKER.

Sir GEORGE OSMOND to Mr. HENRY OSMOND.

London.

IN all our physical and metaphysical disquisitions, Harry, we never settled whether that class of sensations distinguished by the name of sensibilities

sensibilities was the source of more good or evil to mankind. It never will be settled now for want of opposition. Wyman has learnt them of his wife; I of my brother; I confess they are pleasing; and that which pleases us, though against our judgment, we seldom impugn with strength. Be not affrighted, Harry, I am not going to give thee a theory of vibrations; the above observations came into my head through my hands, which having given to honest Timothy Thistle at my alighting, he squeezed it with such undissembled fervour, that it went to my heart.

"Let me see, Timothy," says I, "how many wrinkles time has added to thy brow since I saw thee last."

"Not so many as pleasure has taken away," replied Timothy; "I shall serve your honour ten years longer yet, for I am ten years younger with happiness. And thank God, your honour is not like to want business; three ladies have bribed me to give them the earliest notice of your arrival."

"Who are they, Timothy?"

"Lady Conollan, Lady Osmond, and Mrs. Delane. And here are Jews, and Christians like unto them, calling every day about Lord Winterbottom's affairs. And Parson Delane, has had the run of the house according to your orders, which I could have obeyed with more pleasure, if I could digest his great learning, or relish his compliments. And here is a letter with the Turin post-mark."

This letter is from Lord Winterbottom, who has recovered just strength enough to creep (as he calls it) towards Naples. His penitence continues strong upon him; a proof perhaps of his weakness. He it is who has ordered Mrs. Delane, to apply

to me ; and desires I will do for her, out of his funds, what I think proper.

I had the honour of a visit from that very fine lady, your sister, Harry ; the object of it, as Timothy says, was two-fold. The first to complain of my partiality in having made such an unjust distribution of my wealth, and begging me with the utmost politeness to correct it by my will, and order it so that the donation shall be under her sole and separate controul.

“ But I have taken a taste for life, Lady Connellan ; I assure you I have not thought of dying, this half year.”

She glanced an eye upon my legs.

“ That is very true,” says I, “ but I have reduced them a little you see ; and next spring, they shall stump for it all over Europe, but I will bring them under due subjection.”

She wished the experiment might succeed.

“ That is a little too much for my faith, Lady Connellan.”

The second cause of my receiving this early visit, was my cruel and ungentle treatment of Lady Osmond.

“ What if she has made a slip, no man of the least fashion regarded such a thing now but as a meer bagatelle. The best way to live agreeably in the married state, was to have separate pleasures ; the only thing that made the state miserable was married people’s taking it into their heads to impede each other’s enjoyments.”

“ Then you would have me take Lady Osmond again into my bed and bosom.”

“ Not she indeed ; there was no occasion for either ; take her into your house only,” says our dear sister ; “ let her live like Lady Osmond, and there’s an end of it.”

“ What

"What shall I get by that, Lady Conollan."

"The *beau monde* won't laugh at you."

"And these are the terms you are on with Lord Conollan?"

"Certainly," says she.

"But it's hardly worth while to marry, Sister, in order to indulge in libertinism; a woman may engage in gallantry sure, full as well without a husband as with one."

"By no means, brother. A Lady *still* hurts her reputation by it, before marriage."

"And you really think, Lady Conollan, this system is calculated for the good of society."

"Certainly Sir George; for the society of the Ton; as to the *canaille*, if it does not suit them, they have nothing to do but let it alone."

"True. As to any consideration of the good or evil of the human race in general——"

"Oh, I abominate your grave reflections, Sir George; they *bore* one to death."

"I dare say they do. And in short we must weary one another; for I have the misfortune to think chastity a valuable accomplishment in a woman, especially after marriage; and do think a married whore, a disgusting object——because——"

"Oh stop your because I beseech you; and I will take this disgusting object out of your sight."

"A frank confession, Lady Conollan; when a Lady gets above sin, it is nothing to get above shame."

My sister made me a compliment, upon my great increase of politeness, and laughing, or endeavouring to laugh as she withdrew, took her leave.

A score

A score of coxcombs of both sexes have been to compliment me upon my arrival. Harry, I cannot bear it. I shall consign my house and guests to the care of Wyman, and be at Barham Downs in three days. They will follow me in six.

My sweet Annabella, my charming Peggy, Marry to-morrow, if you would oblige me; and I will come and make love to you, the remainder of my life.

Adieu.

GEORGE OSMOND.

I send you also a letter from O'Donnel.

Captain O'DONNEL to Sir GEORGE OSMOND.

Vienne.

THE devil burn me, Sir George, but you must have been after leaving a memorial with the Count du Pleix, for not a word was there in all his harangue about duelling, and it was long enough, but what you and the parson of Sels hit upon, when you talked at me, to one another. And I was well enough convinced too, but what signifies all the reason in the world, when a man's honour hangs upon the point of his sword! And the Count travelled me all over the world, as you used to do, see what other people were about. There were the old Greeks, and the old Romans, and the new Chinese, and the Babylonians, and Medes, and Assyrians,—(Oh my dear, thinks I, but you never was in Ireland) and not one of them all ever stumbled upon the absurdity of killing one another, for nothing at all, at all. Oh, it

was

was a fine oration, and did me as much good as if it had come out of a pulpit, from under a black gown and a white wig.

I longed to have it over, and get my release, that I might be at liberty to settle accounts with Parry, for bribing Lady Osmond with my thirty louis d'ores. And then I remembered the Count's threatening to put the laws, civil and military in force against any of his officers who sent a challenge. But I will be even with you there, my dear, says I, for the devil a challenge will I send at all. So I told Parry, by word of mouth, that he was a scoundrel. But Parry cleared himself like a man of honour, for he run me through the body at the third pass; and the best swordsman in France could not have done it sooner. So I was satisfied; and if I had not I should have been quite unreasonable.

I was carried home to my quarters, and two of our surgeons inspected the wound, and without mincing the matter at all, told me I was a dead man. But they were Frenchmen, my dear, and did not know what an Irish body was made of; so I bid them cut away and fear nothing; and faith they did. What do you think now, my dears, says I?

"No hopes? No hopes," replied the grave gentlemen; "though we think you may possibly live twelve hours."

"Oh, and that's enough," says I; "so in two hours I got my will made, and left my little sister Dolly all I had; and in two hours more, I settled matters with my Confessor, and got extreme unction, and absolution too, my dear, and then live or die, it was all one to O'Donnell. So I fell asleep, and never waked till twelve hours

hours after, when I found the gentlemen of the faculty waiting to dress my wound.

"And what signifies your putting me to so much pain, (says I?) When a man is to die, what signifies troubling himself to live?"

"*Jesuis etonne,*" says one; "*C'est le chose le plus extraordinaire,*" says the other. "*Mortbleu,* he has no fever. *C'est parfaitement incomprehensible.* No fever!"

In short, after about half an hour's talk of the periosteum, and incisions tranverse, diagonal and oblique, I found that if it pleased God I might still recover. And by Jafus, says I, I am obliged to you for putting me into so good hands; and by my soul I have more faith in him, than in all the faculty put together.

Whilst the gentlemen were dressing my wound, they told me what a terrible passion the Count du Pleix was in; how he had ordered Parry under arrest, and swore he would make examples of both of us. "And what occasion is there to punish an innocent man," says I? "The fault was all my own, and why should not the reward be so too?" So I told them the whole affair, and desired them to inform the Colonel, and procure poor Parry's release. But this they could not do of almost a week, all which time my wound came on well, and it was thought that in a fortnight longer I might be upon the parade. To do what, thinks I? The question did my wound no good at all.

Parry came to see me as soon as he was released, and very wise and very grave he looked.

"I am come to ask your pardon, O'Donnel," says he.

"And for what, my dear," says I?

"If

"If I had killed you, O'Donnel, I think I should never have beheld the light of the sun again with any satisfaction."

"Why so, my dear, how could you have done otherwise," says I?

"What harm would it have done my honour, O'Donnel, to have expostulated with my old friend, and rectified his misapprehension, if he was in an error; or asked his pardon if I had injured him? After all, O'Donnel, it is but a miserable business, this of putting lives to the hazard for nothing at all, at all. You and me indeed, and other such idle fellows, who have nobody to lament them, may cut one another's throats, and the community little the worse for it.

"But families, and connections, and business, are quite other things, my dear; and a push of the sword, or a pull of the trigger, may make wretched widows and orphan children, or childless and disconsolate parents; destroy the promising prospects of families, and consign them to beggary and ruin."

"'Tis a damned thing to think at, sure enough, O'Donnel; there is neither true glory in it, nor true honour, nor religion, nor common sense."

"All this is true, my dear, (says I) but what of that? By Jafus, sentiment stinks when it goes to persuade a brave fellow to pocket an affront."

"It ought to be an affront indeed, and a heavy one too, (says Parry) to require a life for expiation; but any foolish thing serves the turn. What was it to you, O'Donnel, that I amused myself with a willing woman? You had refused her, you know?"

"But she was Lady Osmond, (says I;) the wife of my friend, and I would as soon resent an affront done to him, as to myself, and sooner too."

"And

"And how, (says Parry) did Sir George behave to you upon a similar occasion? "By my soul, like a noble gentleman——like a man of sense——Not like a man of modern fashion——like a fool——like a blockhead." "O'Donnel, if his sentiments are right——yours are wrong."

"Oh, the devil burn me, (says I) and why can't they be both right? and what is right or wrong at all but what a man thinks to be so?"

"Faith, O'Donnel, (says Parry) but you are got into a wood now, and you have put Count du Pleix into another. He does not know how to deal with you. He goes even so far as to talk of breaking you O'Donnel."

"Oh, does the wind fit in that corner, (says I?) and if it does, I will break myself, and save him the trouble."

"And what service will you go into, O'Donnel? If into the Austrian, I will go with you. The Emperor is a noble fellow; I am sure he will give us employment. I am tired of the French, and they are so often at war against my own country too."

"Give me your hand, Parry; a match. We will steal away here some night into Switzerland; send the Count our Commissions; and away for Vienna."

After this, Parry came to see me every evening to concert our matters, and I employed him secretly to get in my money, which he did well enough. And if he had not, by Jafus, Sir George, I would have wrote to you for an hundred pound bank note, without mincing the matter at all——but as to coming to pension myself upon you for time——Oh that's another thing, and a shameful thing too.

My

My mother, though she scolded sometimes, was a wise woman, and never without proverbs for use, and some to spare. "Man appoints," says she, "and God disappoints." The next mail from Ireland put me in mind of it. I had seven letters, all with the Ballyshannon postmark, some sealed with black wax and some with black pitch. Six of them were from cousin Phelim and cousin Gregor, and my other cousins; the other from my sister Dolly, a maiden lady of fifty, hard favoured, and not good humoured to any great excess; but she always loved her brother Patrick, and that's every thing.

The purport of these letters was to acquaint me of the death of my elder brother, Phelim O'Donnel, Esq; of a series of disorders. All Ireland, you know, has lately been in a tumult of volunteering. My brother had a right to carry arms as well as the rest of them; but the devil a corps would receive him. He quarrelled upon it with a spirited volunteer of the county of Donegal. The volunteer lodged a ball in his hip. The wound created fever; fever, thirst; thirst brought on drinking, and then came death and inflammation. Now my brother died without a child to inherit; and the reason's plain; he had too much pride to marry a woman without shoes or stockings; and no woman that had enjoyed those elegancies of life, would let him get one. The ladies used to call him by the prettiest names; the savage of Ballyshannon was one of the softest. God rest his soul. He's dead, and I am his heir, if I meet with no obstruction for having served the king of France, that is to say the French King; for as I hope to be a good subject to King George the Third, I ought to give him all his titles you know; and he made out a very good one

to the kingdom of France, when Henry the sixth was crowned at Paris. So you must help me out of the difficulty, Sir George, if I get into it, and I know you will well enough.

When I gave Parry the mail from Ireland, he could neither laugh nor cry. The poor fellow's heart is set upon getting out of the French service, and now, says he, the scheme's blown up, for I can't go by myself.

"Then go with me to Ireland Parry," says I; "let us look round us for a year. If any thing offers to satisfaction we will embrace it. If not, I think I can promise to procure you letters of recommendation to Vienna, and if I don't marry and settle, I don't care if I go a campaign or two along with you. In the mean time, it shan't cost you any thing. Parry, whilst you are out of action, for the devil burn the man that won't give his friend a share of his dinner, when he has more than he wants to eat."

"I can hold out two years," says Parry, "and when I can hold out no longer, I will dip into your purse, O'Donnel; and I will go with you, and the sooner the better. We will go this night to Geneva, from Geneva to Ostend, and from Ostend to Corke."

"And sail close by Sir George Osmond's house without calling in to see him? No Parry, I would sooner go North about. From Ostend to Dover, from Dover to Barham Downs, where we shall find them all of a heap together."

"Why?" says Parry.

"Beauty without pride. Generosity without ostentation. Dignity without ceremony. And Honour without folly."

"By

"By Jafus," says Parry, "and I have not seen them these twenty years; so let us make haste. And faith we will.

And till we do, I remain

Your most obedient,

P. O'DONNELL.

To Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

THIS day, big with the fates of Osmond and of Archer, this rainy day, has given to each of them—a wife. Yes, Counsellor; they are married; settled in the country; and consequently, dead to Life. Come thou also, perturbed spirit, whom WICKED DEEDS enthrall: Come and repose thee in thy silent tomb. Thou art invoked by the married shades of

OSMOND. OSMOND.

ARCHER. ARCHER.

WYMAN.

Sir GEORGE OSMOND to Professor M—, at Milan.

Barham Downs.

YES, my worthy friend, you shall be satisfied. We know your generous wishes for us proceed from kindness, not compliment, and we know it will gratify you to hear you have not wished in vain.

All possible happiness here, and all possible beatitude hereafter! We often speak of the fervency of this parting expression, and regret that it was one. This is some deduction from possible happiness. For the rest, it is I believe as complete as human nature, and human society will permit.

It is now five months since we celebrated our double marriage, and two since you left us to the enjoyment of it. In this space our happy domesticism has undergone no change. Our husbands still are attentive to their wives, our wives seem to desire nothing so much as to please their husbands—and me. Still, with an assiduity far beyond what I could have expected, and very far beyond what I can deserve, they strive to make me happy.

There was a time I thought no objects tangible or speculative, so worthy my consideration as those which the universe of matter and motion presented to me. Now, the motions of those pretty little atoms in the universe, those small combinations of matter and mind which form a Mrs. Wyman, a Mrs. Osmond, or a Lady Archer, are much more delightful, and for ought I know full as improving. There was a time I could have said to a lady, "Carry your pretensions to the notice of a philosopher, where they will be more regarded; if you had been a work of nature, you might have merited consideration, as much as a nettle, or a humming bird; but I consider the works of art as things inferior, and you are a work of art." Thank heaven, this philosophy for a bear, is now done away; the pride of science has given way to the feelings of nature, and I am perfectly content to be pleased with what pleases other people. One consequence indeed likely to flow from all this, is terrible; the delay of your beauty.

These bewitching tyrants have stolen away my bottle and my pipe, and it is inconceivable how my poor legs lament the robbery. Poor fellows! they are sadly reduced. In spite of all my remonstrances,

monstrances, Annabella will persist in driving me into absolute, determined health; and Peggy says, "Dear Sir George, do live to the age of Methuselah, for Anna does not like to be a ladyship. Now I do, and am very well pleased to have ears of quality to return for Madam Osmond's airs of wisdom, and elder sisterhood."

Another consequence follows, not ~~altogether~~ agreeable. Since these girls, in conjunction with Miss Temperance and Doctor Heberden, will force health upon me in spite of all I can do, I am no longer under the necessity of seeking it in foreign parts; and an accident has happened to the ladies, which makes a six months journey of pleasure an undesirable thing. Therefore no Italy this year. I assure you upon my veracity, not seeing you is the only cause that can make me regret the accident.

With assurances of perfect friendship and esteem from every individual of our four-fold family household, who, you know, have only one soul, I ought to conclude; but I know, our dearly beloved sister Miss M——, to whom all this is wrote as well as to yourself, will have some curiosity to hear something more of sundry personages, of some of whom, she has already heard too much.

Lord Winterbottom is at Naples, and so much upon the recovery, that Fame has already given him the reputation of an intriguer with the Countess Spoliterre. All I know of the matter is, that his drafts hold the language of economy, as it is held at court.

Honest O'Donnel, who, as you know, spent six days here with Parry, is happy at Ballyshannon, and has obliged me extremely, by putting it in my power to do him a piece of service.

Last post brought me a letter from old Timothy : He is so great a favourite with you, that I can hardly gratify you more than by sending you a

C O P Y.

Lady Omond, as I informed your honour, wrote to me several times for cash. My constant answer was, there was none to be had—in London. Yesterday, she favoured me with a personal visit, and began the conversation with her eyes. My discretion had almost taken flight. How lovely is the face of weeping beauty ! But crocodiles also shed tears. The thought saved your honour's money, and my understanding.

As soon as my Lady could speak, she assured me, she had always had a particular esteem for me. I was a man of sense—of great sense.

“ It is impossible, Mr. Thistle, you can approve Sir George's whim. What, on earth, can be his reason for it ? ”

“ Possibly,” replied I, “ Sir George has a notion that chastity keeps better in the country.”

“ O yes,” answers she, “ Sir George has many ridiculous notions, and this is one of them.”

Then she fell to cutting your honour up, which she performed like a woman of spirit, but it is needless to give your honour the useless part of the conversation.

“ Mr. Thistle, I know Sir George has left you a discretionary power, and you can let me have a couple of hundreds if you will.”

“ I can so, my Lady ; but what then would become of my discretion ? I have no right to be wiser than my master.”

“ Mr.

"Mr. Thistle, you cannot help it if you would. Wisdom is visible in your countenance, and I am sure you have humanity in your heart. Don't you pity me, Mr. Thistle?"

"Exceedingly, Lady Osmond."

"What signifies a little female frailty? A man of sense should overlook it. Mr. Thistle, you will oblige me, and make a claim to my gratitude. You know the world, Mr. Thistle; every hundred guineas you pay me, I make you a present of ten."

"Your Ladyship is generous, to a fault. I am covetous it is true; but I am old also; and so fond of quiet sleep, that I never add a guinea to my heap, before—I have weighed it."

"Well, Mr. Thistle, and where is the harm, pray? Besides, you may write Sir George, I am gone into the country. Who will inform him of the contrary?"

"Peradventure, the Morning Post."

"You are as great a fool as your master. But I must inform you Sir, that I will have money, and live in London too, in spite of him. I will commence a suit against him. There are laws for injured women, as well as for men, Sir George shall know there are."

When ladies are angry, they are very voluble. I confess my pen is but a tortoise in its motion, compared with Lady Osmond's tongue. So your honour will excuse all the rest, which exactly answered the sample.

When first you went into the country, Lady Conollan favoured me with a weekly call, merely to know the state of your honour's health, which in the tumult of nuptial solemnities, she could not hope to have a regular account of from

from yourself. I had myself no good opinion of it. She condoled with me upon the apprehension of our mutual loss. You was the best of brothers. I was a long tried, faithful servant, and should not go without my reward. At length I was able to inform her, our apprehensions were premature. She rejoiced thereat with an exceeding joy. I have not seen her since.

As I informed your honour, I have had very little trouble on the part of the Delanes. With the living of Norrington you was so good to give him, I believe the Parson would have taken any man's wife—even his own. But I was not so unreasonable as to desire it. However I hear they are got together of their own accord; doubtless upon the principles of arithmetic; for he once asked me, if such a thing should happen, whether it would cause any diminution in Mrs. Delane's annuity. I answered, I thought not. They live together it seems with great comfort, the Parson making it a rule never to abuse his wife for past offences, except in latin. This rule he never breaketh till the evening, when peradventure he waxeth strong in beer, by which time it generally happens, the lady hath some how or other obtained sufficient strength to bear it.

Your honour once complimented me with having never told a lie in my life. How desirous soever I might be to go to the grave with the merit of it, temptations have been too strong for my virtue. The Israelites have undone me. They have put up prayers weekly in the synagogue for the valuable life of Lord Winterbottom, and call upon me, one or other of them daily to enquire

enquire if the Lord hath been pleased to regard their prayers.

Moses and Aaron Ishmagrock came on Friday last to receive the last quarter's annuity. I was at dinner upon a leg of pork and pease-pudding.

"Will you partake, Gentlemen?"

"No, we tank you. It ish unclean meat, forbidden by our great prophet."

"Are you afflicted with leprosy still, in this cold climate?"

"Holy Aaron! dat was not cause. Christians did invent dat. It wath de precept of God."

"I am sorry for you. The sin must have been very grievous, to draw so long a chastisement upon you. This is punishing the sins of the fathers upon the children indeed. Taste—it is the best of meat. The Lord cannot mean to deprive you of it for ever."

"It ish unclean. And it ish killed by Christian butcher."

"The curse I see is heavy upon your nation. Your precepts are the puerilities of children. I am sorry to add to your affliction. Lord Winterbottom——But flesh is grass——To-day it groweth in the field——To-morrow it withereth away."

"God of Israel!——Broder Moses!"

When Jephtha, Judge of Israel, sacrificed his daughter, two of the Ishmagrock family must have been chief mourners. Your honour's painting in the saloon exhibits the very doleful features, of the Moses and Aaron before me.

"Come,

"Come, Gentlemen, the Lord hath not forbidden wine also—Drink—It is the sweet solace of cares."

"No, it is the eve of our sabbath. When did Lord Winterbottom die?"

"If you had regarded the voice of inspiration, this calamity had not come upon you. Your ~~not~~ David, I think, advised you not to put your trust in princes. But I hope you will not be much hurt, you have already enjoyed the annuity seven years and three quarters. The principal is come safe home, and part of the interest."

"No, no; you mistake much, Meshter Thistle, you not know how we reckon. Six thousand pound, eight years at compound interest, ish great sum."

"Eight years compound interest of the annuities amounts to a great sum also."

"Dat ish not our way. Never reckon interest upon monies received. Dat ish not our way. When did Lord Winterbottom die?"

"Why I have some small comfort to give you. Lord Winterbottom did not depart this life before the expiration of your last quarter.—That is your own. Come drink a bottle of wine with me, and I will fetch you the money."

"Dat ish some good. Broder Aaron, it wants wo hours to six; and besides, abstinence on the eve of our sabbath ish ceremony, not precept. Let us accept Meshter Thistle's offer."

"Yes," replies Aaron, "it ish good custom—very good custom—but it ish not precept. Your very good health, Meshter Thistle."

First beginnings, whether of sin or science are the most difficult!

The

The gentlemen gave me no more trouble of persuasion. It was novelty to me to look into the heads of Jews. Your honour's wine suffered much, and if I durst have taken as much liberty with your money, two bottles more, and a hundred pounds a piece, would have made them Christians.

This way of writing appeareth to me egregious, even under the sanction of your honour's commands. I fear the freedom I take should grow upon me beyond all licence.

Your happy servant,
TIMOTHY THISTLE.

My good old friend, the Brothers, from London is expected to arrive at Genoa very soon. There are a few boxes in it consigned to you. They contain a few very small, but sincere tokens of the affection, all of us feel for you and Miss M——. Not for your own, but for our sakes, you will accept them. With one voice we return your wish of "All possible happiness here, and all possible beatitude hereafter."

GEORGE OSMOND.

F. I. N. I. S.

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